BATMAN
No.22

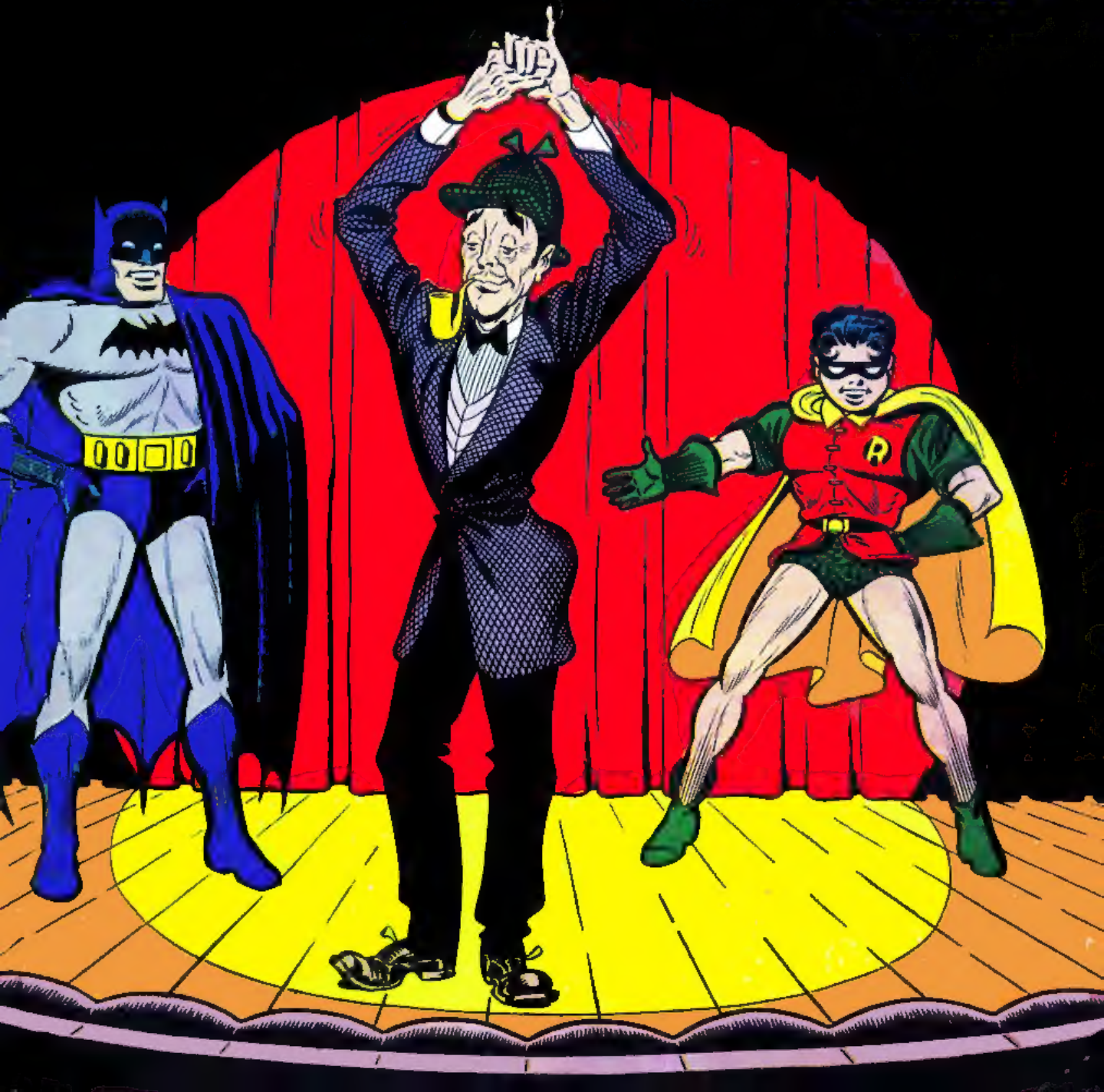
APRIL...MAY
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC IND

BAT MAN

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION:

"THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED"



Editorial Advisory Board of the

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

JOSETTE FRANK
Consultant on Children's Reading, Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN
Department of English Literature, New York University

DR. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study, University of Pittsburgh

DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation and Member, Board of Directors, Catholic Youth Organization

---

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS*
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS*
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS*
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every other month)

ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

6 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every third month)

BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHENEVER YOU BUY COMICS!
ACTION COMICS
Detective COMICS
FLASH COMICS
Star Spangled COMICS
NEWSBOY LEGION
GUARDIAN
"QUESTIONS PLEASE!"
MORE FUN COMICS
Adventure COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
GREEN LANTERN
SENSATION COMICS
THE PUBLISHERS OF SUPERMAN, BATMAN AND WONDER WOMAN KNOW HOW TO PRODUCE THE SORT OF COMICS YOU LIKE! -- SO THE TRADE-MARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST!
LOOK FOR THE D-C TRADE-MARK!

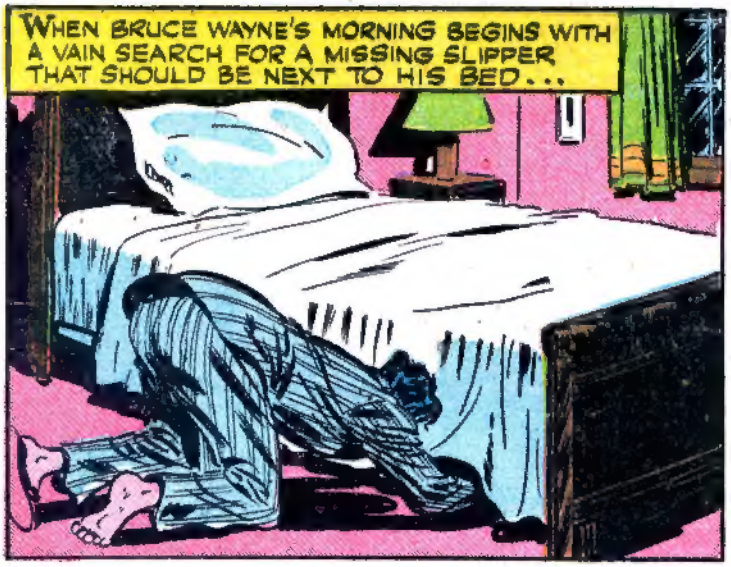
BATMAN No. 22, April-May, 1944, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1944 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN WITH ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

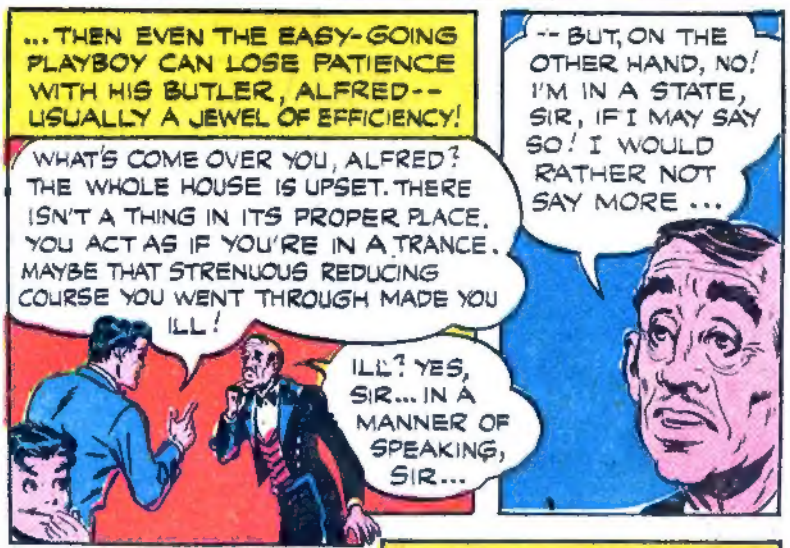
BEAUTY MAKES MEN DO STRANGE THINGS, FOR IT IS A HEADY WINE THAT CONQUERS REASON AND OBSCURES THE SIGHT! BUT WHEN A FAIR DAMOSEL TAKES HEARTS BY STORM AND BARTERS THEM IN A CROOKED GAME OF GAIN, THEN BEWARE THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF THE ROMANTIC ROMEO! THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** FIND A CRIME NEST CONCEALED BEHIND A HEART-FEST WHEN CUPID'S DARTS HURL HAVOC INTO THEIR HAPPY HOUSEHOLD IN THE TALE OF . . .

"THE DUPED DOMESTICS!"


WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S MORNING BEGINS WITH A VAIN SEARCH FOR A MISSING SLIPPER THAT SHOULD BE NEXT TO HIS BED...

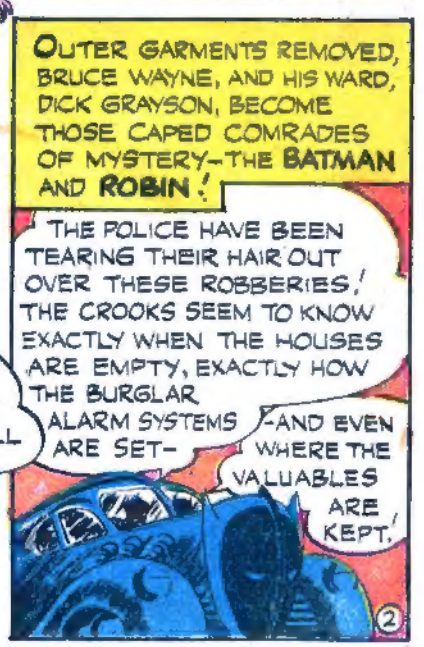
... AND HIS CLEAN SHIRTS ARE NOT IN THEIR PROPER PLACE...

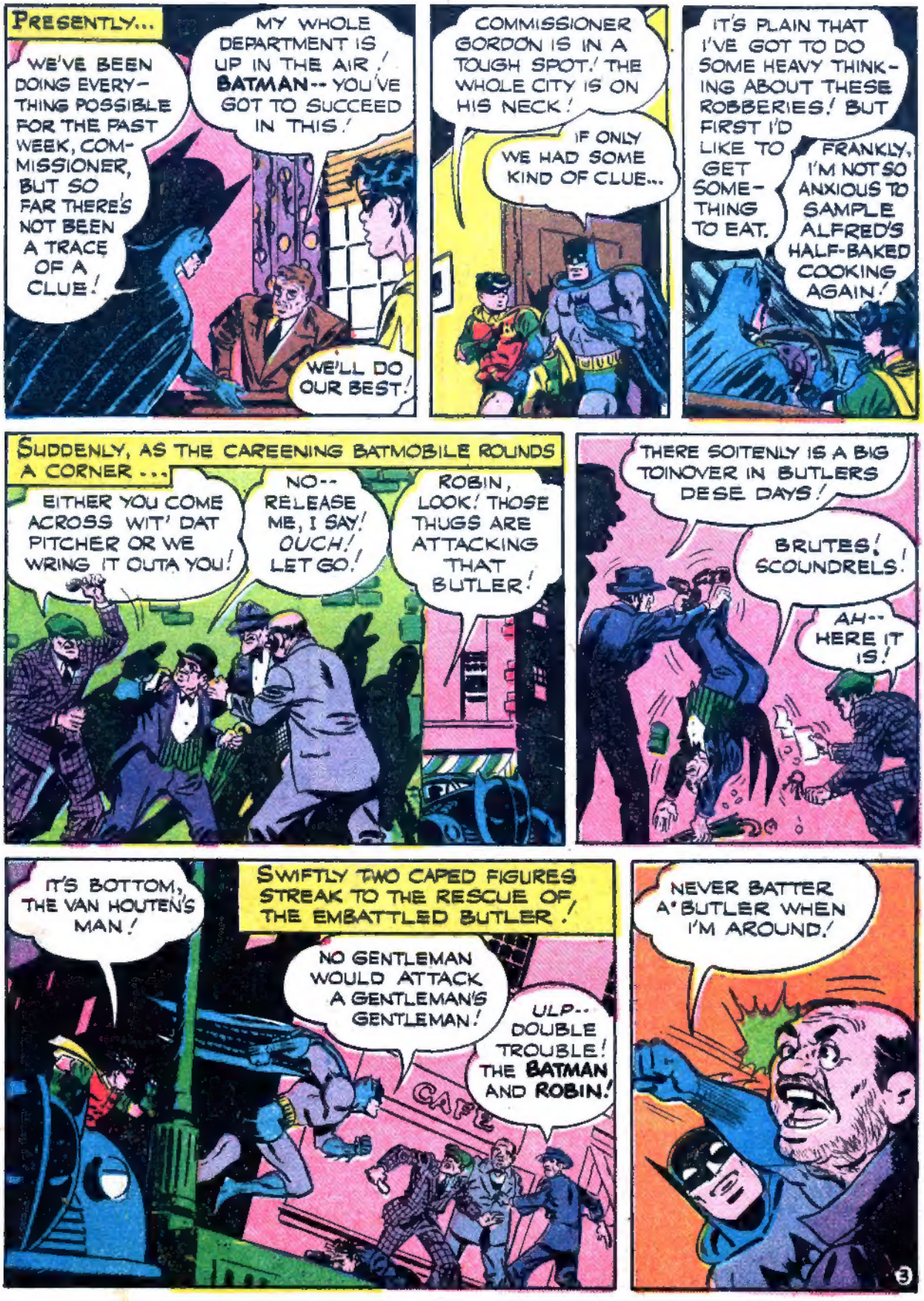
-- AND HE EATS A HALF COOKED BREAKFAST WHICH ENDS WITH THE COFFEE BEING SPILLED ON HIS LAP!

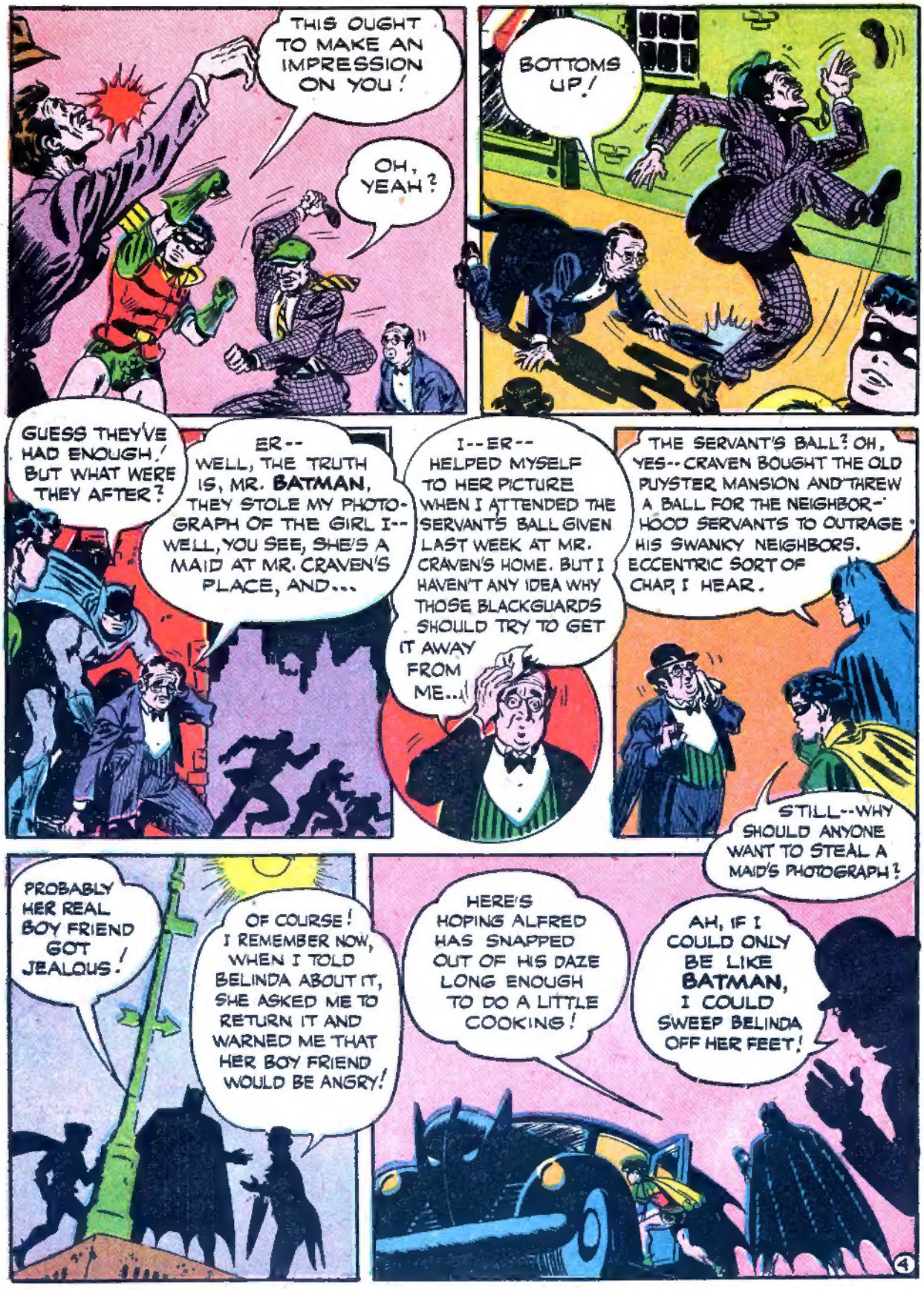

...THEN EVEN THE EASY-GOING PLAYBOY CAN LOSE PATIENCE WITH HIS BUTLER, ALFRED-- USUALLY A JEWEL OF EFFICIENCY!
WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, ALFRED? THE WHOLE HOUSE IS UPSET. THERE ISN'T A THING IN ITS PROPER PLACE. YOU ACT AS IF YOU'RE IN A TRANCE. MAYBE THAT STRENUOUS REDUCING COURSE YOU WENT THROUGH MADE YOU ILL!
ILL? YES, SIR... IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, SIR...
-- BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, NO! I'M IN A STATE, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO! I WOULD RATHER NOT SAY MORE ...

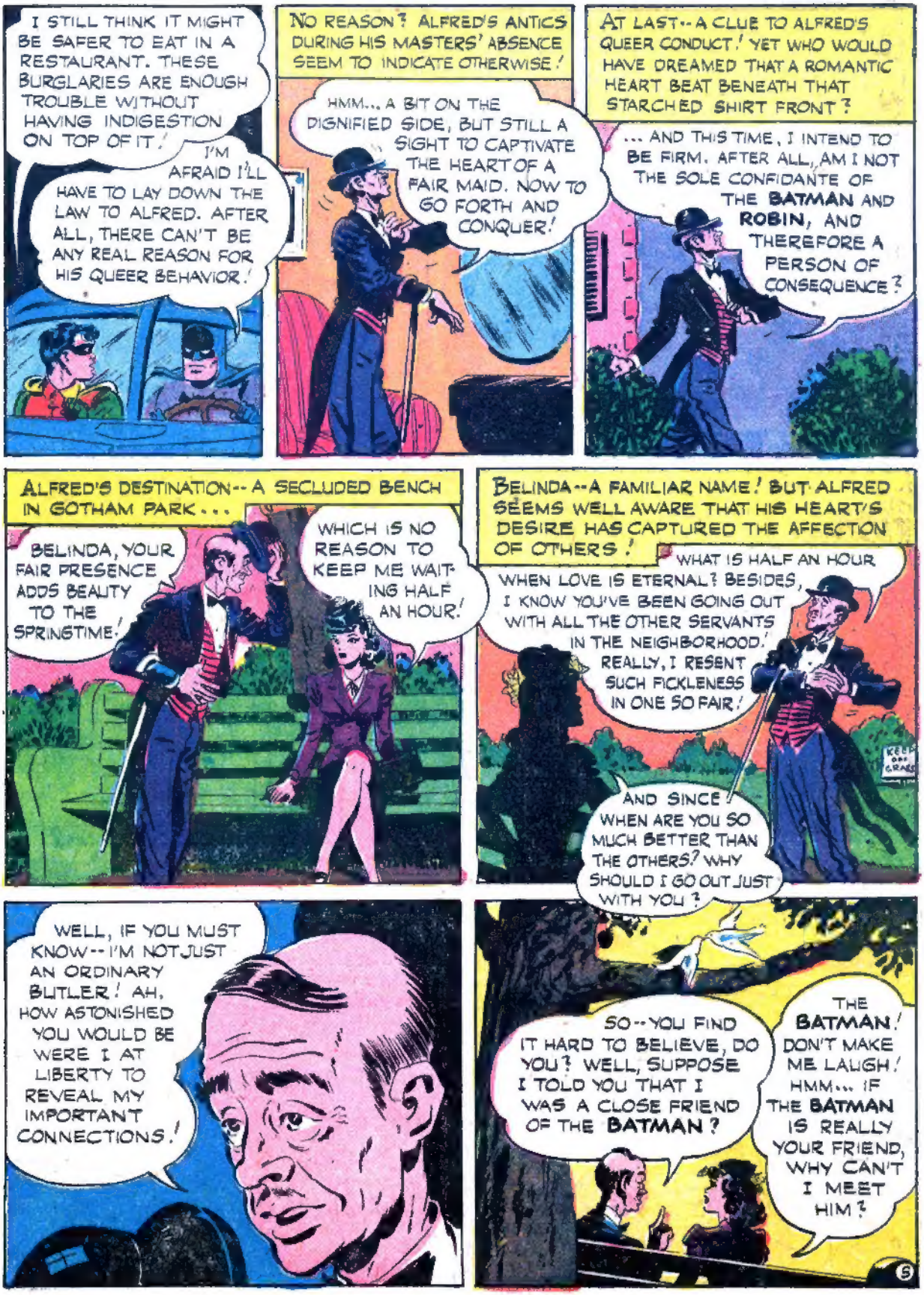
DAYS PASS, AND ALFRED REMAINS - IN A "STATE"...
ALFRED SERVED DINNER TONIGHT LIKE A MAN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!
MAYBE HE'S GOT HIS MIND ON ALL THESE STRANGE UNSOLVED ROBBERIES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY. YOU KNOW HOW KEEN HE IS TO BE A DETECTIVE!

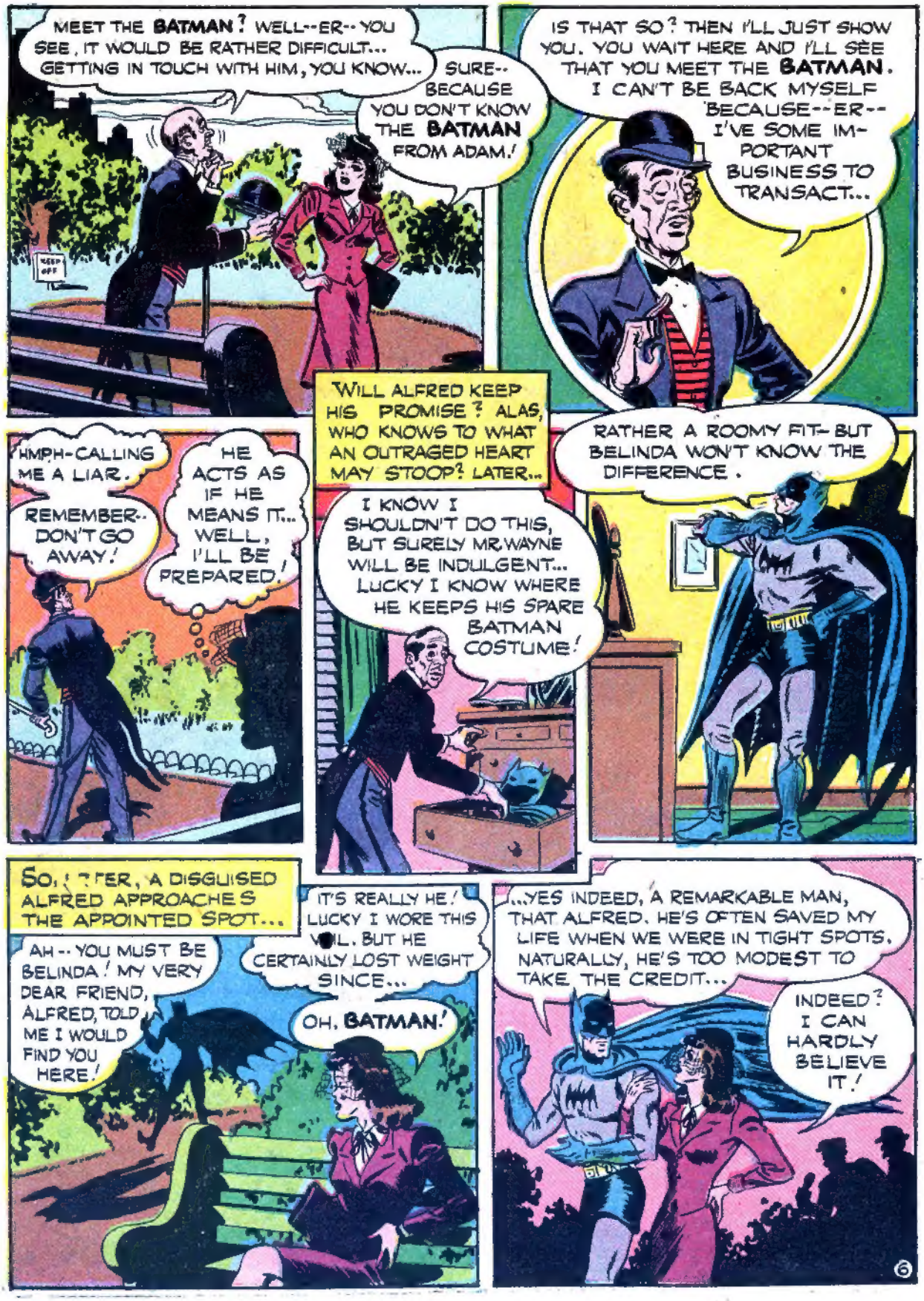
WELL, I WISH HE'D STICK TO HIS BUTTLING AND LEAVE THE DETECTIVE WORK TO US. WHICH REMINDS ME- BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS EVENING!
YES, AND WE'D BETTER GET GOING OR WE'LL BE LATE!

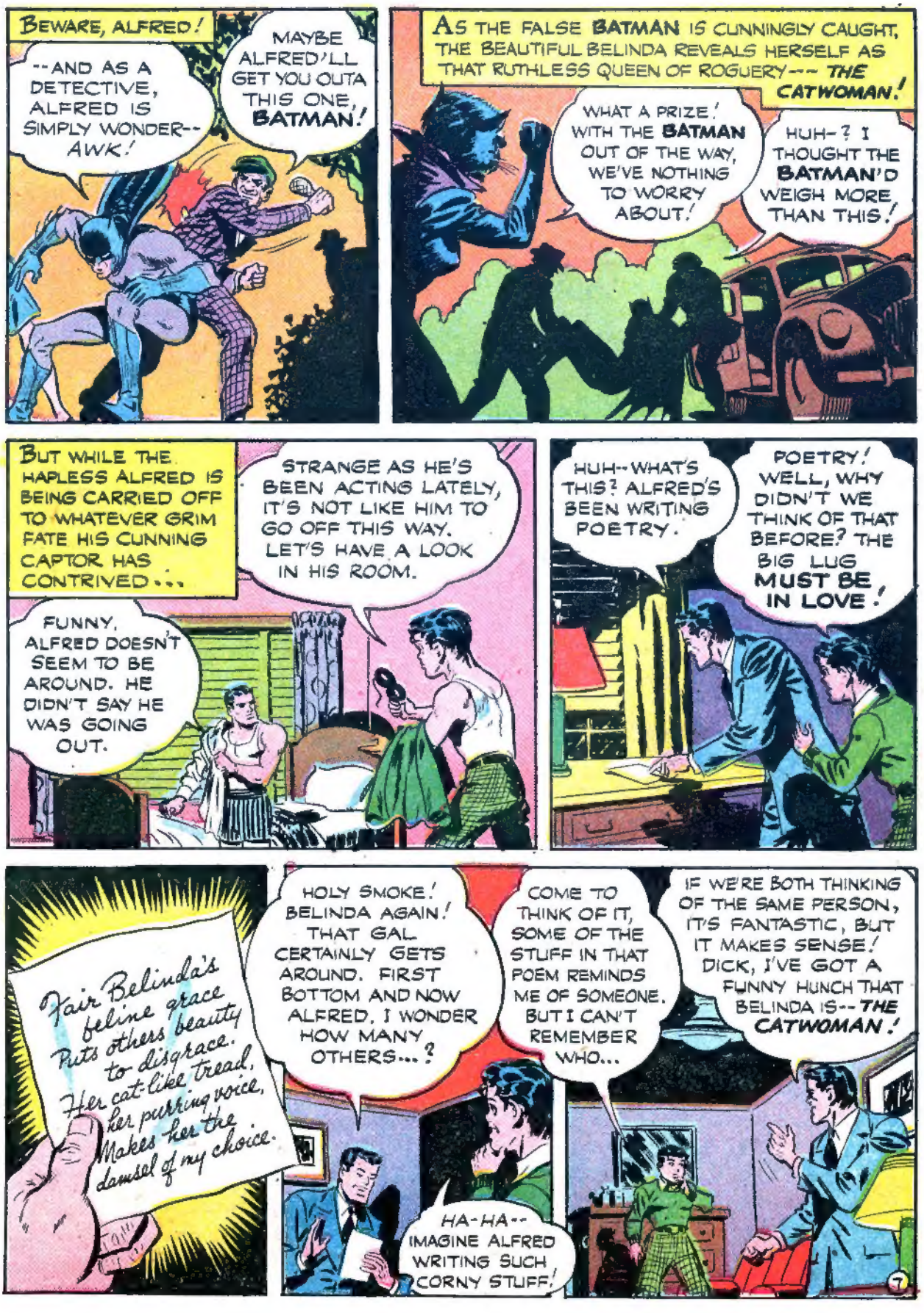

OUTER GARMENTS REMOVED, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, BECOME THOSE CAPED COMRADES OF MYSTERY- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
THE POLICE HAVE BEEN TEARING THEIR HAIR OUT OVER THESE ROBBERIES! THE CROOKS SEEM TO KNOW EXACTLY WHEN THE HOUSES ARE EMPTY, EXACTLY HOW THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEMS ARE SET-
-AND EVEN WHERE THE VALUABLES ARE KEPT!

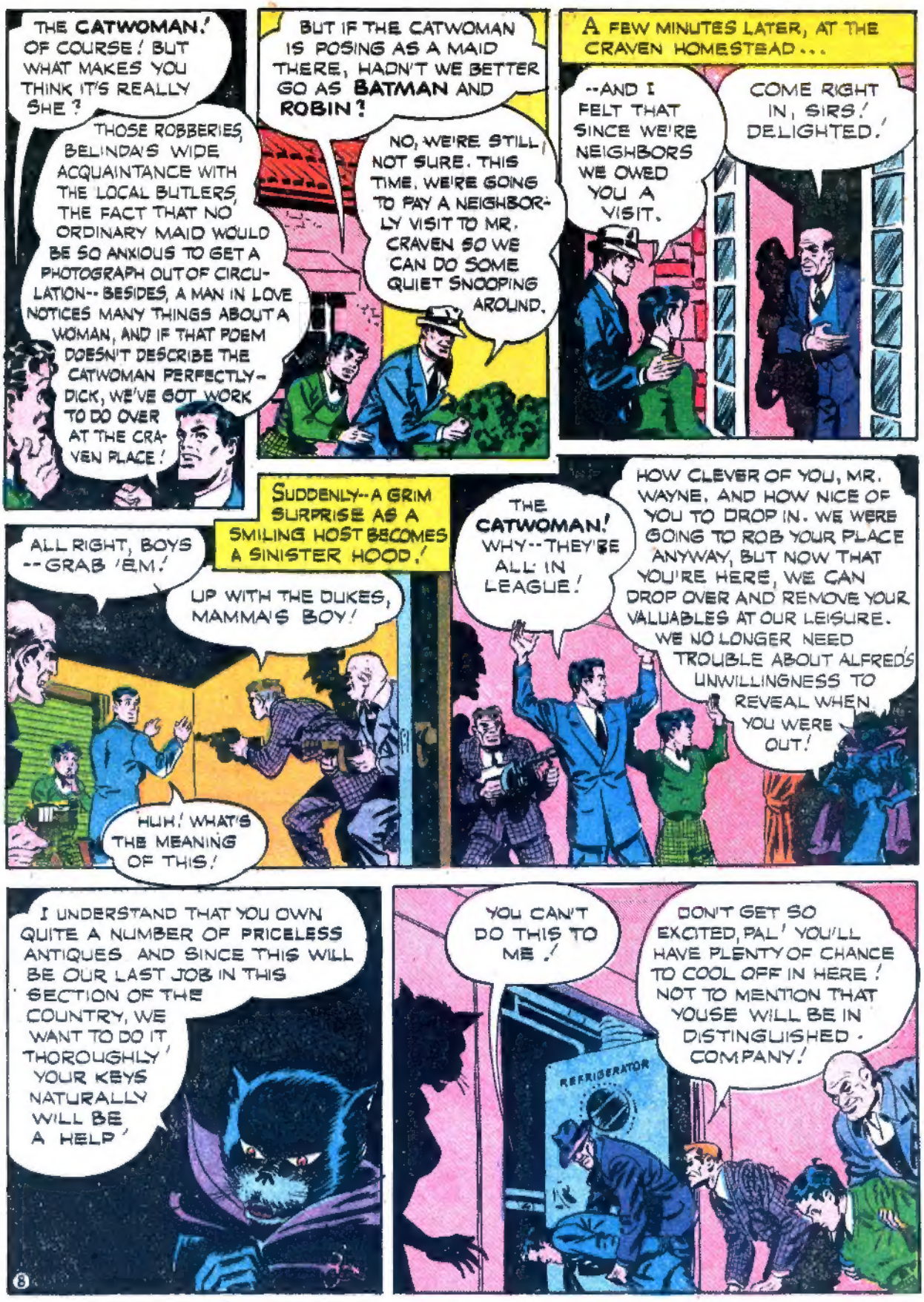

PRESENTLY...
WE'VE BEEN DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE FOR THE PAST WEEK, COMMISSIONER, BUT SO FAR THERE'S NOT BEEN A TRACE OF A CLUE!
MY WHOLE DEPARTMENT IS UP IN THE AIR! BATMAN -- YOU'VE GOT TO SUCCEED IN THIS!
WE'LL DO OUR BEST!
COMMISSIONER GORDON IS IN A TOUGH SPOT! THE WHOLE CITY IS ON HIS NECK!
IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF CLUE...
IT'S PLAIN THAT I'VE GOT TO DO SOME HEAVY THINKING ABOUT THESE ROBBERIES! BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT.
FRANKLY, I'M NOT SO ANXIOUS TO SAMPLE ALFRED'S HALF-BAKED COOKING AGAIN!
SUDDENLY, AS THE CAREENING BATMOBILE ROUNDS A CORNER ...
EITHER YOU COME ACROSS WIT' DAT PITCHER OR WE WRING IT OUTA YOU!
NO -- RELEASE ME, I SAY! OUCH! LET GO!
ROBIN, LOOK! THOSE THUGS ARE ATTACKING THAT BUTLER!
THERE SOITENLY IS A BIG TOINOVER IN BUTLERS DESE DAYS!
BRUTES! SCOUNDRELS!
AH -- HERE IT IS!
IT'S BOTTOM, THE VAN HOUTEN'S MAN!
SWIFTLY TWO CAPED FIGURES STREAK TO THE RESCUE OF THE EMBATTLED BUTLER!
NO GENTLEMAN WOULD ATTACK A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN!
ULP -- DOUBLE TROUBLE! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
CAFE
NEVER BATTER A BUTLER WHEN I'M AROUND!
3


THIS OUGHT TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON YOU!
OH, YEAH?
BOTTOMS UP!
GUESS THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH! BUT WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?
ER-- WELL, THE TRUTH IS, MR. BATMAN, THEY STOLE MY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GIRL I-- WELL, YOU SEE, SHE'S A MAID AT MR. CRAVEN'S PLACE, AND...
I--ER-- HELPED MYSELF TO HER PICTURE WHEN I ATTENDED THE SERVANT'S BALL GIVEN LAST WEEK AT MR. CRAVEN'S HOME. BUT I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHY THOSE BLACKGUARDS SHOULD TRY TO GET IT AWAY FROM ME...!
THE SERVANT'S BALL? OH, YES-- CRAVEN BOUGHT THE OLD PUYSTER MANSION AND THREW A BALL FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD SERVANTS TO OUTRAGE HIS SWANKY NEIGHBORS. ECCENTRIC SORT OF CHAP, I HEAR.
STILL--WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL A MAID'S PHOTOGRAPH?
PROBABLY HER REAL BOY FRIEND GOT JEALOUS!
OF COURSE! I REMEMBER NOW, WHEN I TOLD BELINDA ABOUT IT, SHE ASKED ME TO RETURN IT AND WARNED ME THAT HER BOY FRIEND WOULD BE ANGRY!
HERE'S HOPING ALFRED HAS SNAPPED OUT OF HIS DAZE LONG ENOUGH TO DO A LITTLE COOKING!
AH, IF I COULD ONLY BE LIKE BATMAN, I COULD SWEEP BELINDA OFF HER FEET!
4

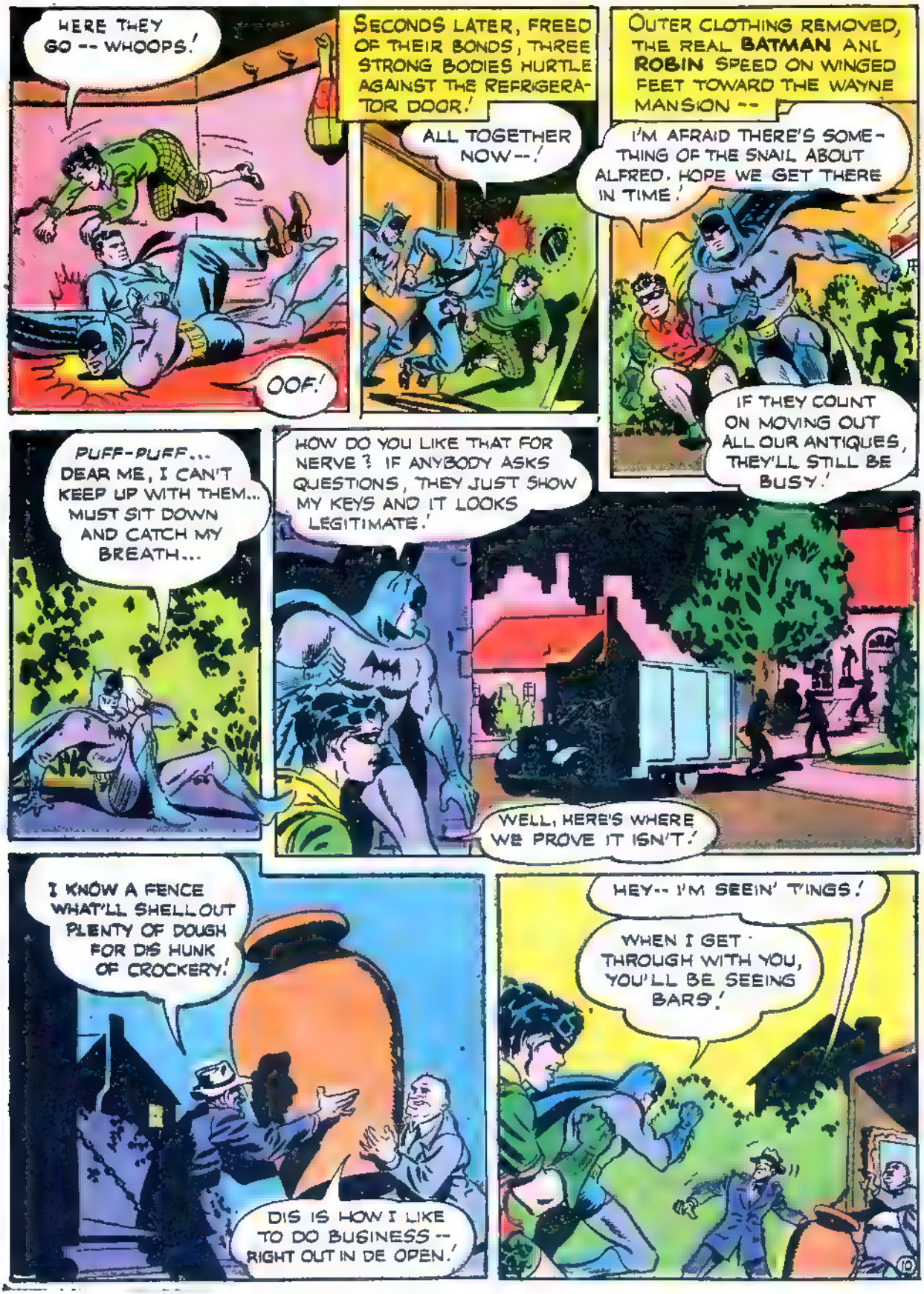

I STILL THINK IT MIGHT BE SAFER TO EAT IN A RESTAURANT. THESE BURGLARIES ARE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT HAVING INDIGESTION ON TOP OF IT!
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LAY DOWN THE LAW TO ALFRED. AFTER ALL, THERE CAN'T BE ANY REAL REASON FOR HIS QUEER BEHAVIOR!
NO REASON? ALFRED'S ANTICS DURING HIS MASTERS' ABSENCE SEEM TO INDICATE OTHERWISE!
HMM... A BIT ON THE DIGNIFIED SIDE, BUT STILL A SIGHT TO CAPTIVATE THE HEART OF A FAIR MAID. NOW TO GO FORTH AND CONQUER!
AT LAST--A CLUE TO ALFRED'S QUEER CONDUCT! YET WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT A ROMANTIC HEART BEAT BENEATH THAT STARCHED SHIRT FRONT?
... AND THIS TIME, I INTEND TO BE FIRM. AFTER ALL, AM I NOT THE SOLE CONFIDANTE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, AND THEREFORE A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE?
ALFRED'S DESTINATION--A SECLUDED BENCH IN GOTHAM PARK...
BELINDA, YOUR FAIR PRESENCE ADDS BEAUTY TO THE SPRINGTIME!
WHICH IS NO REASON TO KEEP ME WAITING HALF AN HOUR!
BELINDA--A FAMILIAR NAME! BUT ALFRED SEEMS WELL AWARE THAT HIS HEART'S DESIRE HAS CAPTURED THE AFFECTION OF OTHERS!
WHAT IS HALF AN HOUR WHEN LOVE IS ETERNAL? BESIDES, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT WITH ALL THE OTHER SERVANTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! REALLY, I RESENT SUCH FICKLENESS IN ONE SO FAIR!
AND SINCE WHEN ARE YOU SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OTHERS? WHY SHOULD I GO OUT JUST WITH YOU?
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW--I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BUTLER! AH, HOW ASTONISHED YOU WOULD BE WERE I AT LIBERTY TO REVEAL MY IMPORTANT CONNECTIONS!
SO--YOU FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE, DO YOU? WELL, SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THAT I WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BATMAN?
THE BATMAN! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HMM... IF THE BATMAN IS REALLY YOUR FRIEND, WHY CAN'T I MEET HIM?
6


MEET THE BATMAN? WELL--ER-- YOU SEE, IT WOULD BE RATHER DIFFICULT... GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIM, YOU KNOW...
SURE-- BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE BATMAN FROM ADAM!
KEEP OFF
IS THAT SO? THEN I'LL JUST SHOW YOU. YOU WAIT HERE AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU MEET THE BATMAN. I CAN'T BE BACK MYSELF BECAUSE--ER-- I'VE SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TRANSACT...
WILL ALFRED KEEP HIS PROMISE? ALAS, WHO KNOWS TO WHAT AN OUTRAGED HEART MAY STOOP? LATER...
HMPH-CALLING ME A LIAR.
REMEMBER-- DON'T GO AWAY!
HE ACTS AS IF HE MEANS IT... WELL, I'LL BE PREPARED!
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO THIS, BUT SURELY MR. WAYNE WILL BE INDULGENT... LUCKY I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS SPARE BATMAN COSTUME!
RATHER A ROOMY FIT- BUT BELINDA WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
SO, LATER, A DISGUISED ALFRED APPROACHES THE APPOINTED SPOT...
AH -- YOU MUST BE BELINDA! MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, ALFRED, TOLD ME I WOULD FIND YOU HERE!
IT'S REALLY HE! LUCKY I WORE THIS VEIL. BUT HE CERTAINLY LOST WEIGHT SINCE...
OH, BATMAN!
...YES INDEED, A REMARKABLE MAN, THAT ALFRED. HE'S OFTEN SAVED MY LIFE WHEN WE WERE IN TIGHT SPOTS. NATURALLY, HE'S TOO MODEST TO TAKE THE CREDIT...
INDEED? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

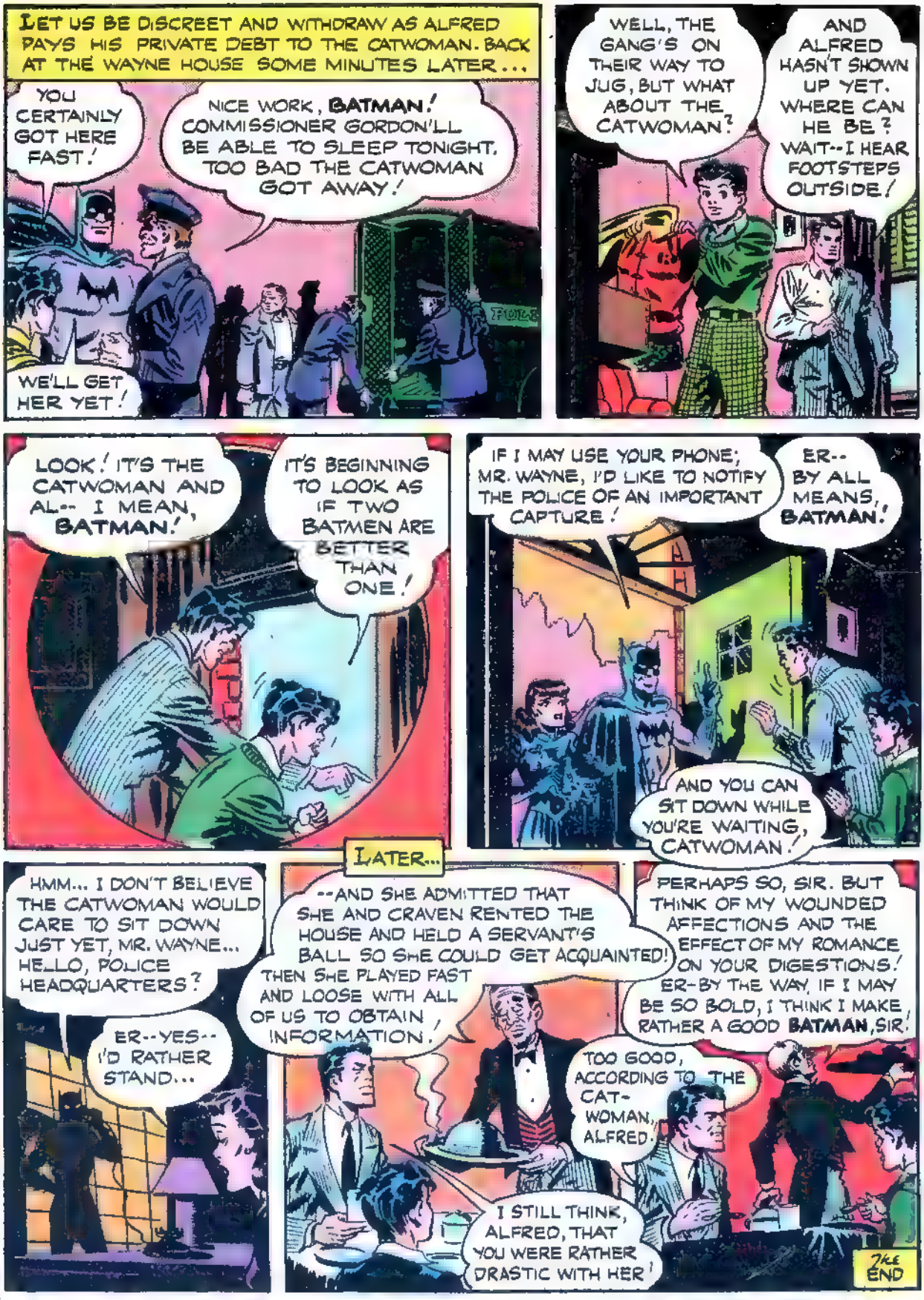

BEWARE, ALFRED!
--AND AS A DETECTIVE, ALFRED IS SIMPLY WONDER-- AWK!
MAYBE ALFRED'LL GET YOU OUTA THIS ONE, BATMAN!
AS THE FALSE BATMAN IS CUNNINGLY CAUGHT, THE BEAUTIFUL BELINDA REVEALS HERSELF AS THAT RUTHLESS QUEEN OF ROGUERY--- THE CATWOMAN!
WHAT A PRIZE! WITH THE BATMAN OUT OF THE WAY, WE'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
HUH-? I THOUGHT THE BATMAN'D WEIGH MORE THAN THIS!
BUT WHILE THE HAPLESS ALFRED IS BEING CARRIED OFF TO WHATEVER GRIM FATE HIS CUNNING CAPTOR HAS CONTRIVED...
STRANGE AS HE'S BEEN ACTING LATELY, IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO GO OFF THIS WAY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN HIS ROOM.
FUNNY, ALFRED DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AROUND. HE DIDN'T SAY HE WAS GOING OUT.
HUH--WHAT'S THIS? ALFRED'S BEEN WRITING POETRY.
POETRY! WELL, WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT BEFORE? THE BIG LUG MUST BE IN LOVE!
Fair Belinda's feline grace
Puts others beauty to disgrace.
Her cat-like tread,
Her purring voice,
Makes her the damsel of my choice.
HOLY SMOKE! BELINDA AGAIN! THAT GAL CERTAINLY GETS AROUND. FIRST BOTTOM AND NOW ALFRED. I WONDER HOW MANY OTHERS...?
COME TO THINK OF IT, SOME OF THE STUFF IN THAT POEM REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE. BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO...
IF WE'RE BOTH THINKING OF THE SAME PERSON, IT'S FANTASTIC, BUT IT MAKES SENSE! DICK, I'VE GOT A FUNNY HUNCH THAT BELINDA IS--THE CATWOMAN!
HA-HA-- IMAGINE ALFRED WRITING SUCH CORNY STUFF!
7


THE CATWOMAN! OF COURSE! BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S REALLY SHE?
THOSE ROBBERIES, BELINDA'S WIDE ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LOCAL BUTLERS, THE FACT THAT NO ORDINARY MAID WOULD BE SO ANXIOUS TO GET A PHOTOGRAPH OUT OF CIRCULATION-- BESIDES, A MAN IN LOVE NOTICES MANY THINGS ABOUT A WOMAN, AND IF THAT POEM DOESN'T DESCRIBE THE CATWOMAN PERFECTLY-- DICK, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO OVER AT THE CRAVEN PLACE!
BUT IF THE CATWOMAN IS POSING AS A MAID THERE, HADN'T WE BETTER GO AS BATMAN AND ROBIN?
NO, WE'RE STILL NOT SURE. THIS TIME, WE'RE GOING TO PAY A NEIGHBORLY VISIT TO MR. CRAVEN SO WE CAN DO SOME QUIET SNOOPING AROUND.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE CRAVEN HOMESTEAD...
--AND I FELT THAT SINCE WE'RE NEIGHBORS WE OWED YOU A VISIT.
COME RIGHT IN, SIRS! DELIGHTED!
SUDDENLY--A GRIM SURPRISE AS A SMILING HOST BECOMES A SINISTER HOOD!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS --GRAB 'EM!
UP WITH THE DUKES, MAMMA'S BOY!
HUH! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS!
THE CATWOMAN! WHY--THEY'RE ALL IN LEAGUE!
HOW CLEVER OF YOU, MR. WAYNE. AND HOW NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN. WE WERE GOING TO ROB YOUR PLACE ANYWAY, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, WE CAN DROP OVER AND REMOVE YOUR VALUABLES AT OUR LEISURE. WE NO LONGER NEED TROUBLE ABOUT ALFRED'S UNWILLINGNESS TO REVEAL WHEN YOU WERE OUT!
I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU OWN QUITE A NUMBER OF PRICELESS ANTIQUES AND SINCE THIS WILL BE OUR LAST JOB IN THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, WE WANT TO DO IT THOROUGHLY! YOUR KEYS NATURALLY WILL BE A HELP!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
DON'T GET SO EXCITED, PAL! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE TO COOL OFF IN HERE! NOT TO MENTION THAT YOUSE WILL BE IN DISTINGUISHED COMPANY!
REFRIGERATOR
8

OOF-- HUH! SAY--AM I SEEING THINGS?
WHAT'S THIS? OR DO I SMELL A BUTLER UNDER THOSE CLOTHES!
KA CHOO!
I-I M-MUST C-C-CONFESS SIR--I'VE BEEN INDULGING IN A B-BIT OF-- ER--CAMOUFLAGE, IN THE NAME OF D-DAN CUPID, SIR!
WELL, "BATMAN", SEE IF YOU CAN GET US OUT OF THIS ONE!
I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING! HE FANCIES HIMSELF A DETECTIVE AND ALL THE TIME HE'S BEEN COURTING THE CATWOMAN!
B-B-BEGGIN' YOUR P-PARDON, SIR, AND WITH ALL D-DUE RESPECT TO MY AFFAIR OF THE HEART, HOW ARE WE G-G-GOING TO G-GET LOOSE? THESE KNOTS ARE TOO TIGHT!
SAY-- THOSE MEAT HOOKS— THEY'RE SHARP- IF WE CAN ONLY REACH THEM...
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT- THEY'RE TOO HIGH!
HMM...THREE HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE- WHY NOT THREE BODIES? ALFRED, ROLL OVER ON YOUR STOMACH!
UGH-- MY P-POOR D-D-DIGEST.ON WILL BE RUINED F-FOREVER, IF I'M N-NOT CRUSHED TO D-DEATH!
NOW, DICK, YOU SIT ON MY LEGS... IF THIS WORKS, ALFRED, YOU'LL DESERVE A MEDAL!
ON MY STOMACH?
NOT QUITE, BRUCE!
I CAN'T LIFT YOU ANY HIGHER! HOW ABOUT IT, ALFRED? CAN YOU STRAIN YOURSELF ANOTHER INCH OR SO?
IT'S WORKING... STEADY, BELOW!
OH-- MY P-POOR HEAD!
IF YOU HAD USED YOUR HEAD IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE!
9


HERE THEY GO -- WHOOPS!
OOF!
SECONDS LATER, FREED OF THEIR BONDS, THREE STRONG BODIES HURTLE AGAINST THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR!
ALL TOGETHER NOW--!
OUTER CLOTHING REMOVED, THE REAL BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED ON WINGED FEET TOWARD THE WAYNE MANSION --
I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING OF THE SNAIL ABOUT ALFRED. HOPE WE GET THERE IN TIME!
IF THEY COUNT ON MOVING OUT ALL OUR ANTIQUES, THEY'LL STILL BE BUSY!
PUFF-PUFF... DEAR ME, I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM... MUST SIT DOWN AND CATCH MY BREATH...
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR NERVE? IF ANYBODY ASKS QUESTIONS, THEY JUST SHOW MY KEYS AND IT LOOKS LEGITIMATE!
WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE PROVE IT ISN'T!
I KNOW A FENCE WHAT'LL SHELL OUT PLENTY OF DOUGH FOR DIS HUNK OF CROCKERY!
DIS IS HOW I LIKE TO DO BUSINESS -- RIGHT OUT IN DE OPEN!
HEY-- I'M SEEIN' TINGS!
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE SEEING BARS!

RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG-- IN THE JUG!
THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOUR FACE A NICE ANTIQUE FINISH!
HERE'S THE LATEST IN EXTERIOR DECORATIONS, BRAT!
YOU MEAN THIS, DON'T YOU?
OOF.. I'VE BEEN FRAMED!
CLUNK
THE CATWOMAN -- WHERE IS SHE?
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, WATCHFUL EYES WIDEN IN WONDER AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW...
OH-OH! ROBIN MUST HAVE FREED THE BATMAN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D SHOW UP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
FEAR LENDS WINGS TO FELINE FEET AS THE CATWOMAN FLEES THROUGH THE BACK DOOR...
-- AND TO THINK THAT I HAD THE BATMAN SAFELY LOCKED AWAY! IT NEVER FAILS TO END LIKE THIS! BUT HE WON'T GET ME THIS TIME!
NO-- THIS TIME I'VE GOT A GOOD START AND-- AWK! BATMAN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE SO FAST?
HOW DID THE BATMAN MANAGE IT? OR PERHAPS -- YES, IT IS! IT'S ALFRED!
WELL, WHAT AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO PAY OFF A LITTLE DEBT FOR MY GOOD FRIEND ALFRED. A LITTLE SPANKING WILL DO THE TRICK. AND, BELIEVE ME, IT WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL ME!

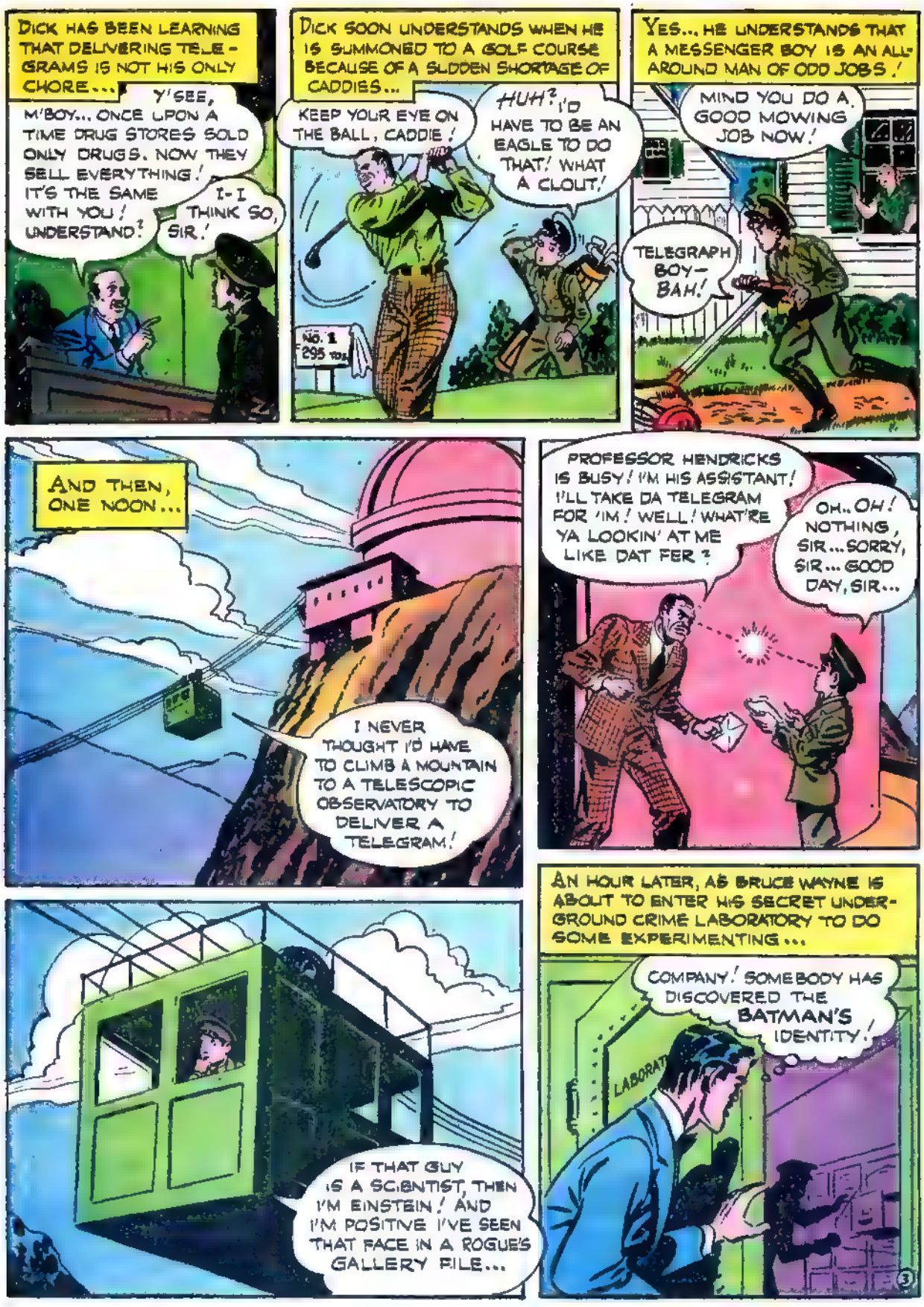

LET US BE DISCREET AND WITHDRAW AS ALFRED PAYS HIS PRIVATE DEBT TO THE CATWOMAN. BACK AT THE WAYNE HOUSE SOME MINUTES LATER...
YOU CERTAINLY GOT HERE FAST!
NICE WORK, BATMAN! COMMISSIONER GORDON'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT, TOO BAD THE CATWOMAN GOT AWAY!
WE'LL GET HER YET!
WELL, THE GANG'S ON THEIR WAY TO JUG, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CATWOMAN?
AND ALFRED HASN'T SHOWN UP YET. WHERE CAN HE BE? WAIT--I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE!
LOOK! IT'S THE CATWOMAN AND AL-- I MEAN, BATMAN!
IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS IF TWO BATMEN ARE BETTER THAN ONE!
IF I MAY USE YOUR PHONE, MR. WAYNE, I'D LIKE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE OF AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE!
ER-- BY ALL MEANS, BATMAN!
AND YOU CAN SIT DOWN WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, CATWOMAN!
LATER...
HMM... I DON'T BELIEVE THE CATWOMAN WOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN JUST YET, MR. WAYNE... HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS?
ER--YES-- I'D RATHER STAND...
--AND SHE ADMITTED THAT SHE AND CRAVEN RENTED THE HOUSE AND HELD A SERVANT'S BALL SO SHE COULD GET ACQUAINTED! THEN SHE PLAYED FAST AND LOOSE WITH ALL OF US TO OBTAIN INFORMATION.
PERHAPS SO, SIR. BUT THINK OF MY WOUNDED AFFECTIONS AND THE EFFECT OF MY ROMANCE ON YOUR DIGESTIONS! ER-BY THE WAY, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD, I THINK I MAKE RATHER A GOOD BATMAN, SIR!
TOO GOOD, ACCORDING TO THE CAT-WOMAN, ALFRED!
I STILL THINK, ALFRED, THAT YOU WERE RATHER DRASTIC WITH HER!
THE END

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

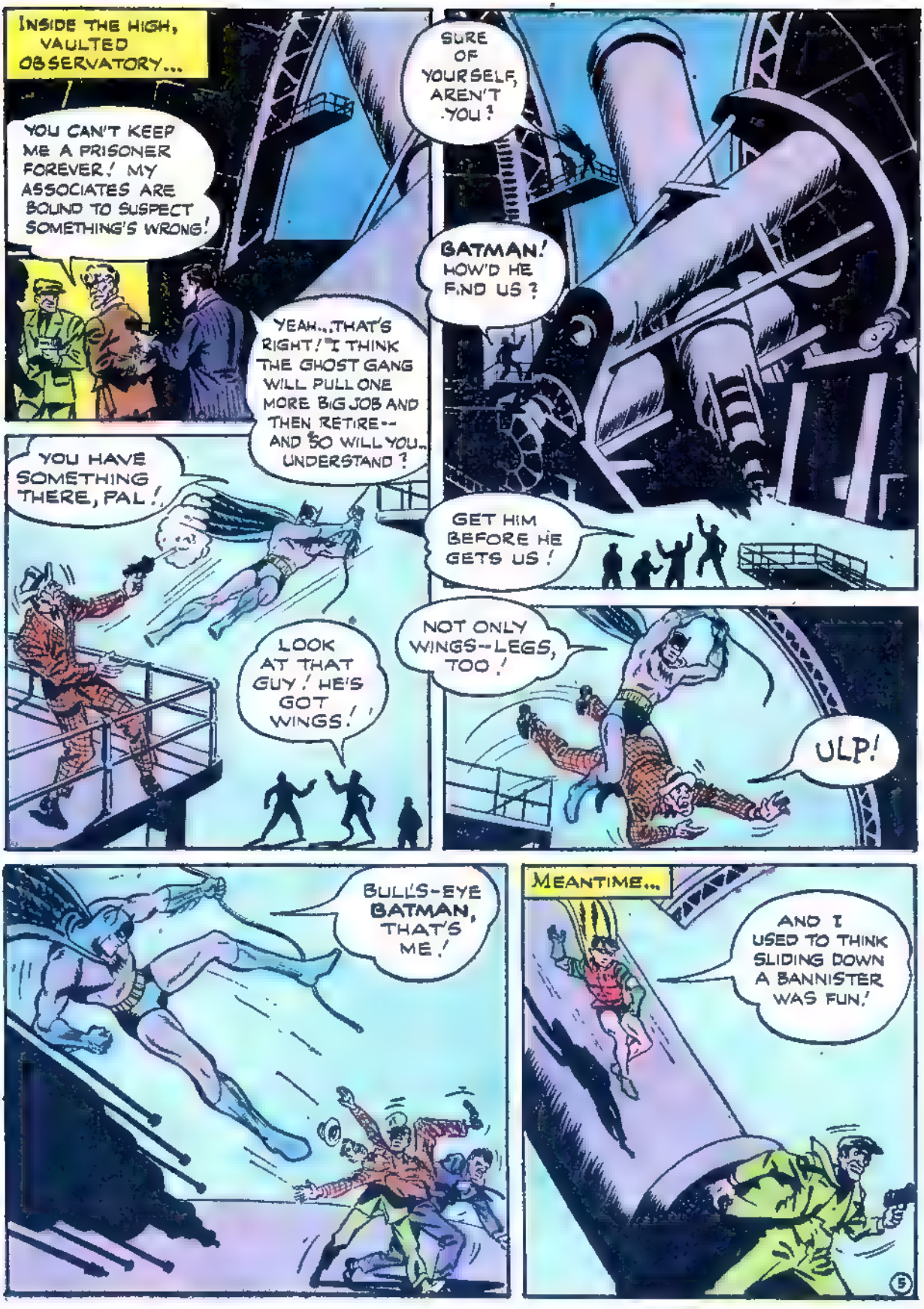
THE CAVE'S SECRET
WATCH OUT FOR THAT WIRE, QUICKIE
OOPS!
OUR HERO, R.C. AND HIS PAL "QUICKIE" ARE TAKING A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR THEIR CAMP. SUDDENLY QUICKIE TRIPS.
WELL, WHATTA YOU KNOW! THE WIRE GOES INTO THIS CAVE
AND THAT GUY AT THE RADIO LOOKS PLENTY JAPANESE TO ME. WHAT'LL WE DO?
I'LL CUT THE WIRE. THAT OUGHT TO BRING HIM OUT TO SEE WHAT'S UP AND THEN WE'LL...
SNIP!
SHH! HERE HE COMES
GOSH- WISH I WAS BACK AT THE CANTEEN DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW!
SOMETHING WRONG WITH RADIO
O.K., YOU JAP RAT! MAYBE THIS WILL TAKE THAT SILLY GRIN OFF YOUR FACE
THIS IS ONE I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL. HOW DO YOU LIKE, TOJO?
I GOT THE RADIO FOR EVIDENCE, "R.C." MAYBE WE'LL GET A MEDAL OR SOMETHING
LET'S TURN TOJO HERE OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES AND THEN WE'LL GET SOMETHING BETTER THAN A MEDAL!
LATER AT THE CANTEEN
NOW I GET IT, "R.C." THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE IS BETTER - YOU CAN'T DRINK A MEDAL
NOT BETTER, QUICKIE IT'S THE BEST! THE BEST-TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET
WESTERN STAR
JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:
HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!
"Yes, kids, Royal Crown Cola's the champ all right!" says Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny tasted leading colas without knowing which was which, and picked Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting. Try it today.
Johnny Mack Brown, star of Monogram's "THE TEXAS KID"
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!
ROYAL CROWN
COLA
2 FULL GLASSES 5¢

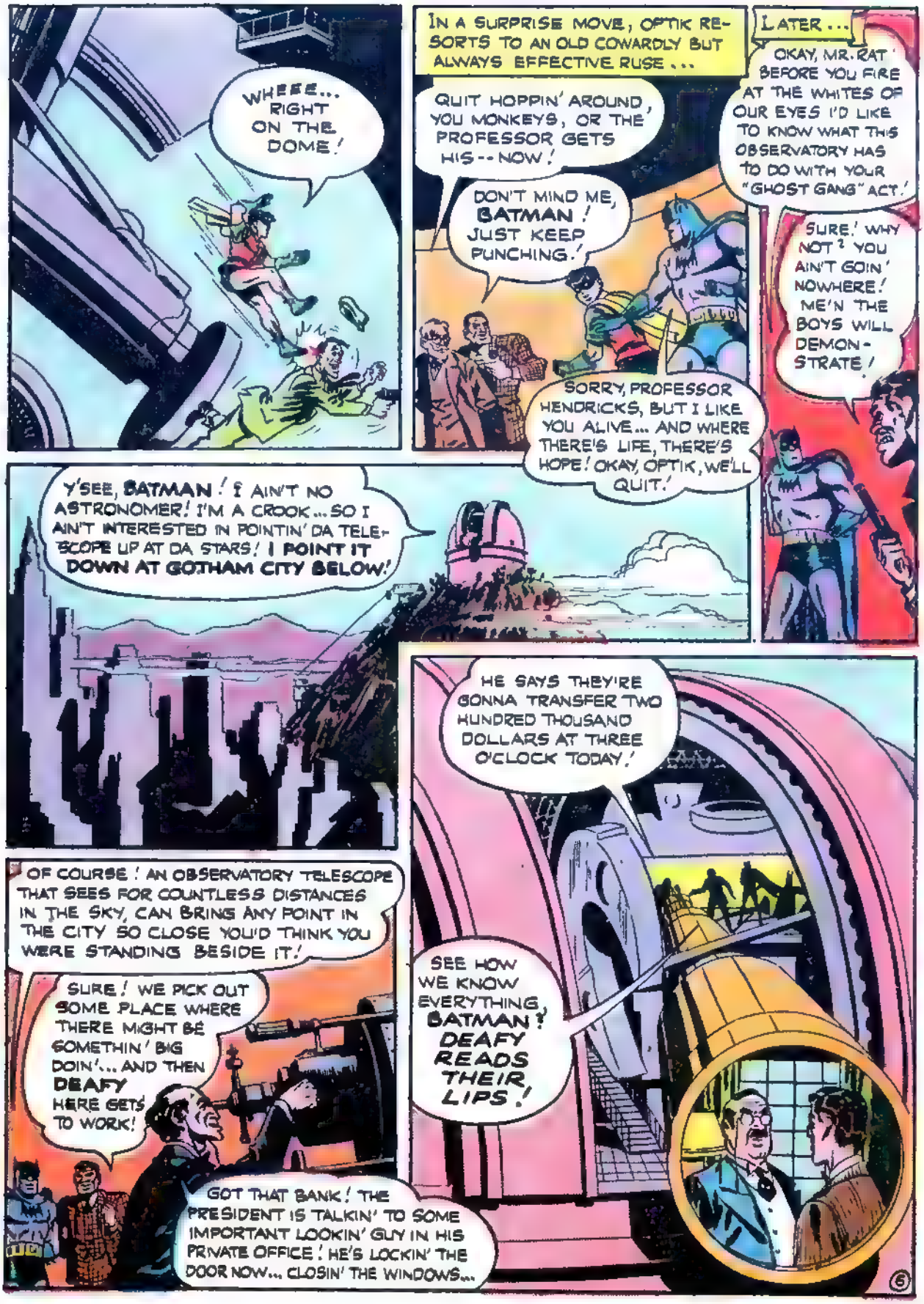
BAT MAN
WITH
ROB
"HELLO, EASTERN TELEGRAPH? I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM! READY? ... HERE IT IS ...
DEAR READER:
FOLLOWING STORY OF BATMAN AND ROBIN IS A SLAM-BANG YARN OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL WITH AN UNUSUAL SCHEME, YOU WILL BE SURPRISED BY THE STORY'S ANGLES AND THRILLED BY ITS WILD AND EXCITING CLIMAX.
YES, THAT'S THE MESSAGE. SIGN IT, THE EDITOR, AND RUSH IT OUT AT ONCE I THINK YOU'LL MAKE BETTER TIME IF YOU SEND IT WITH...
"DICK GRAYSON, TELEGRAPH BOY!"
BY BOB KANE

HERE'S A FAMILIAR SCENE...
CAN'T YOU GUYS STOP DA BATMAN? SLUG 'IM!
DIAMOND SALE
BUT WAIT! SOMETHING'S MISSING! ROBIN!
WONDER WHERE ROBIN IS? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL AFTERNOON!
BAM
PERHAPS THE CONCERN OVER ROBIN'S ABSENCE MAKES BATMAN UNWARY ... BUT AT ANY RATE...
DAT'S DA TICKET! OKAY, LUGS... LET'S LAM OUTA HERE BEFORE DA COPPERS NAB US!
POW
LATER... THE NOW CONSCIOUS BATMAN LISTENS TO THE RANTING OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...
HOW DOES THIS GHOST GANG KNOW PRECISELY WHEN MONEY OR JEWELS ARE TRANSFERRED? HOW DO THEY LOCATE SECRET WALL SAFES AND KNOW THE COMBINATIONS?
IT'S UNCANNY!
CONFERENCES CONCERNING VALUABLE SHIPMENTS ARE HELD IN ROOMS WHERE EVEN THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED.' NO DICTAPHONES ARE FOUND... YET SOMEHOW, THIS GHOST GANG KNOWS EVERYTHING! HOW? HOW?
BUT THE GHOST GANG IS NOT THE ONLY PROBLEM OF THE BATMAN, ALIAS BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY SCION...
ALFRED, WHERE'S DICK BEEN RUNNING TO THESE AFTERNOONS? IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER KEPT SECRETS FROM ME!
I SHOULDN'T WORRY, MAWSTER WAYNE. WHATEVER HIS PURPOSE, SIR, I IMAGINE IT IS AN HONEST ONE!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DICK HIMSELF WALKS FROM A BUILDING. ... AND CLAD IN A UNIFORM ...
... BUT NOT IN THE FAMILIAR UNIFORM OF ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
EASTERN TELEGRAPH! SIGN HERE, PLEASE!
HOLY COW! THE KID'S A TELEGRAPH BOY!
2


DICK HAS BEEN LEARNING THAT DELIVERING TELEGRAMS IS NOT HIS ONLY CHORE...
Y'SEE, M'BOY... ONCE UPON A TIME DRUG STORES SOLD ONLY DRUGS. NOW THEY SELL EVERYTHING! IT'S THE SAME WITH YOU! UNDERSTAND?
I-I THINK SO, SIR!
DICK SOON UNDERSTANDS WHEN HE IS SUMMONED TO A GOLF COURSE BECAUSE OF A SUDDEN SHORTAGE OF CADDIES...
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL, CADDIE!
HUH? I'D HAVE TO BE AN EAGLE TO DO THAT! WHAT A CLOUT!
NO. 1
295 YDS.
YES... HE UNDERSTANDS THAT A MESSENGER BOY IS AN ALL-AROUND MAN OF ODD JOBS!
MIND YOU DO A GOOD MOWING JOB NOW!
TELEGRAPH BOY— BAH!
AND THEN, ONE NOON...
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN TO A TELESCOPIC OBSERVATORY TO DELIVER A TELEGRAM!
PROFESSOR HENDRICKS IS BUSY! I'M HIS ASSISTANT! I'LL TAKE DA TELEGRAM FOR 'IM! WELL! WHAT'RE YA LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE DAT FER?
OH.. OH! NOTHING, SIR... SORRY, SIR... GOOD DAY, SIR...
IF THAT GUY IS A SCIENTIST, THEN I'M EINSTEIN! AND I'M POSITIVE I'VE SEEN THAT FACE IN A ROGUE'S GALLERY FILE...
AN HOUR LATER, AS BRUCE WAYNE IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS SECRET UNDERGROUND CRIME LABORATORY TO DO SOME EXPERIMENTING...
COMPANY! SOMEBODY HAS DISCOVERED THE BATMAN'S IDENTITY!
LABORAT
3

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?
THIS, PERHAPS?
SOCK
DICK!?!
HULLO! GUESS I WAS KIND OF SILLY TO SNEAK IN LIKE THIS, BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME!
DIDN'T WA... THAT UNIFORM! WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS, YOUNGSTER?
OH... I... I JUST GOT MYSELF A JOB AS A TELEGRAPH BOY!
CLICK
LATER... THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS TOWARD THE OBSERVATORY DOME..
A.. A JOB? YOU DON'T NEED THE MONEY! I GIVE YOU AN ALLOWANCE! BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT HOMEWORK TO DO AFTER SCHOOL... AND CROOK HUNTING TO DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
BRUCE, I..I JUST CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW! BESIDES, THAT ISN'T REALLY IMPORTANT COMPARED TO WHAT I'VE JUST LEARNED...
DICK RELATES HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE TOUGH AT THE OBSERVATORY...
... SO I CAME BACK HERE AND GOT HIS PIC FROM OUR CRIME FILE! HE'S MIKE OPTIK, THAT'S WHO!
OPTIK! THAT CROOK? I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY TAKING YOU AWAY FROM YOUR VERY IMPORTANT WORK... BUT NOW I'VE GOT SOME REAL WORK AHEAD OF US!
THEY CAN'T SPOT US COMING UP THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, BY WAY OF THIS OLD DIRT ROAD! SAY... WHAT DO YOU LOOK SO WORRIED ABOUT?
WELL... GEE... I'M ON MY LUNCH HOUR! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK SOON OR I'LL LOSE MY JOB!
4


INSIDE THE HIGH, VAULTED OBSERVATORY...
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME A PRISONER FOREVER! MY ASSOCIATES ARE BOUND TO SUSPECT SOMETHING'S WRONG!
SURE OF YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU?
BATMAN! HOW'D HE FIND US?
YEAH...THAT'S RIGHT! I THINK THE GHOST GANG WILL PULL ONE MORE BIG JOB AND THEN RETIRE--AND SO WILL YOU, UNDERSTAND?
GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US!
YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE, PAL!
LOOK AT THAT GUY! HE'S GOT WINGS!
NOT ONLY WINGS--LEGS, TOO!
ULP!
BULL'S-EYE BATMAN, THAT'S ME!
MEANTIME...
AND I USED TO THINK SLIDING DOWN A BANNISTER WAS FUN!
5


WHEEE... RIGHT ON THE DOME!
IN A SURPRISE MOVE, OPTIK RESORTS TO AN OLD COWARDLY BUT ALWAYS EFFECTIVE RUSE...
QUIT HOPPIN' AROUND, YOU MONKEYS, OR THE PROFESSOR GETS HIS -- NOW!
DON'T MIND ME, BATMAN! JUST KEEP PUNCHING!
SORRY, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS, BUT I LIKE YOU ALIVE... AND WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE! OKAY, OPTIK, WE'LL QUIT!
LATER...
OKAY, MR. RAT! BEFORE YOU FIRE AT THE WHITES OF OUR EYES I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS OBSERVATORY HAS TO DO WITH YOUR "GHOST GANG" ACT!
SURE! WHY NOT? YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE! ME'N THE BOYS WILL DEMONSTRATE!
Y'SEE, BATMAN! I AIN'T NO ASTRONOMER! I'M A CROOK... SO I AIN'T INTERESTED IN POINTIN' DA TELESCOPE UP AT DA STARS! I POINT IT DOWN AT GOTHAM CITY BELOW!
HE SAYS THEY'RE GONNA TRANSFER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THREE O'CLOCK TODAY!
OF COURSE! AN OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE THAT SEES FOR COUNTLESS DISTANCES IN THE SKY, CAN BRING ANY POINT IN THE CITY SO CLOSE YOU'D THINK YOU WERE STANDING BESIDE IT!
SURE! WE PICK OUT SOME PLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' BIG DOIN'... AND THEN DEAFY HERE GETS TO WORK!
SEE HOW WE KNOW EVERYTHING, BATMAN? DEAFY READS THEIR LIPS!
GOT THAT BANK! THE PRESIDENT IS TALKIN' TO SOME IMPORTANT LOOKIN' GUY IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE! HE'S LOCKIN' THE DOOR NOW... CLOSIN' THE WINDOWS...
6

IT'S NEAR THREE O'CLOCK NOW, BOSS! WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THEM BEFORE WE GET STARTED?
I JUST GOT A HOT IDEA! TIE 'EM AND THE PROFESSOR TO THAT STAIR RAILING!
SWIFTLY, OPTIK ADJUSTS THE TELESCOPE SO THAT IT POINTS UP AT THE SUN ...
AGH! SO MANY LOOSE PARTS LAYIN' AROUND! FIRST I'LL SET THE DRIVING-CLOCK AND ELECTRICAL CONTROL THAT'LL START THE TELESCOPE MOVIN'.. THEN REMOVE THE SUN FILTERS...
AND WHEN THE WHIR OF MOTORS STARTS THE TELESCOPE MOVING ON ITS BASE SO THAT IT AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOWS THE PATH OF THE SUN...
SORRY WE GOTTA LEAVE NOW, BATMAN! WE GOTTA ROB A BANK! BUT DON'T BURN UP! SOON YOU'LL BE COOKIN'-- BUT NOT WITH GAS! HAW! HAW!
THAT'S A DIRTY LAUGH IF I EVER...
BATMAN! LOOK!
FLAME... SCORCHING THE LINOLEUM FLOOR..AND MOVING TOWARD US!
THE TELESCOPE IS NOW A MONSTER MAGNIFYING GLASS THAT FOCUSES THE SUN'S RAYS INTO ONE BLAZING POINT OF CONCENTRATED HEAT LIGHT! ONCE IT REACHES US WE'LL BE BURNED TO A CRISP.
DEATH BY THE SUN! DEATH THAT MOVES SLOWLY, INEXORABLY... AND LEAVES A SMOKING AND CHARRED TRAIL!
BATMAN, YOU'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING... THINK... THINK!
I'M TRYING TO! IF WE COULD... MAYBE WE... WAIT! IF I CAN... UH... JUST... UH... REACH... IT...
GOT IT! NOW IF ONLY I CAN HOLD IT AT THE RIGHT ANGLE...
AH, YES, BATMAN! I UNDERSTAND! VERY CLEVER!
7

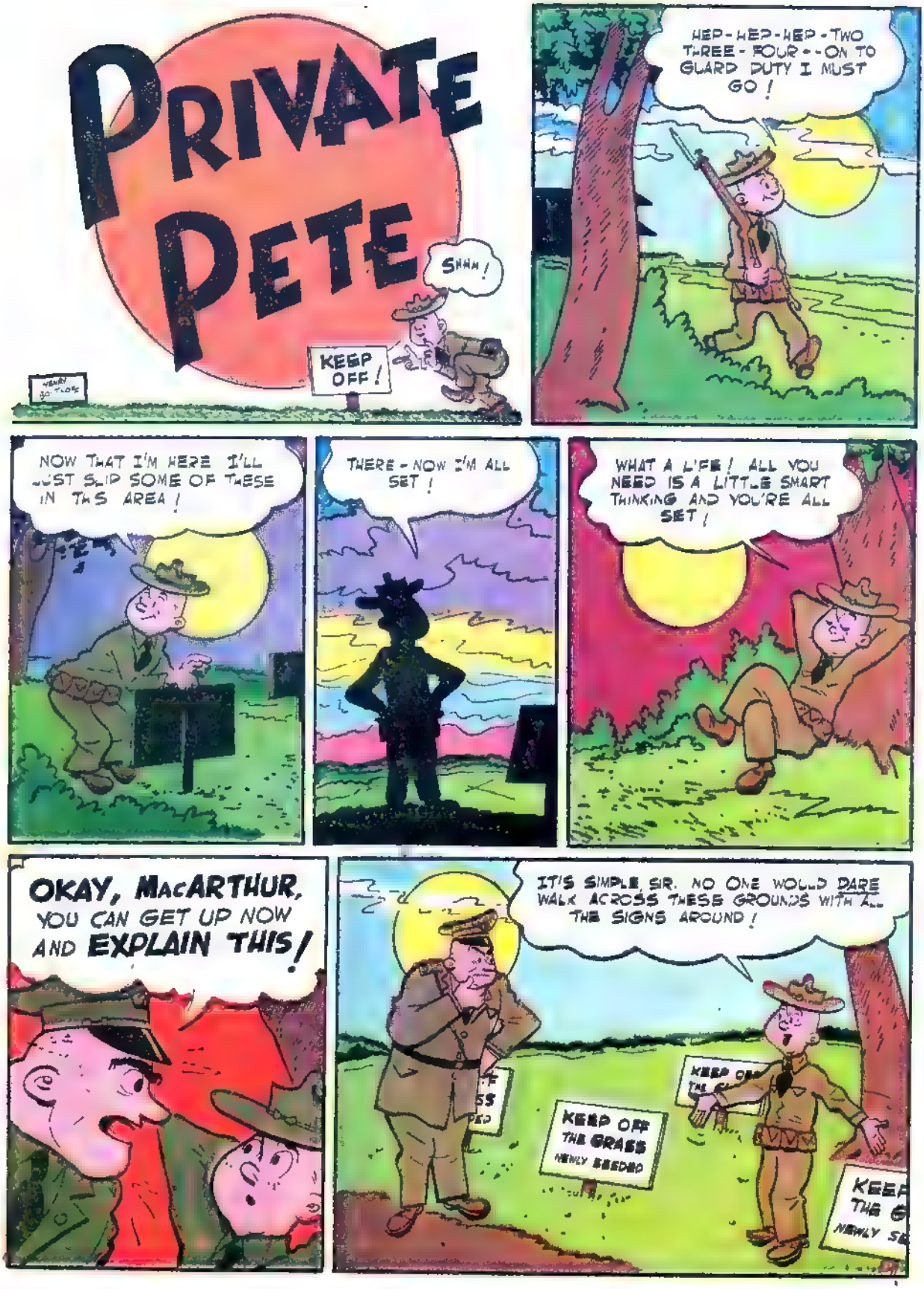
NEARER...EVER NEARER CREEPS THE TERRIBLE CIRCLE OF BLAZE-THEN LIKE A FIERY COMET, IT STRIKES....
HOPE I DON'T GET A HOT FOOT! HERE GOES!
THERE! GOT IT IN FOCUS! I FIGURED THEY'D JUST ABOUT BE REACHING THE BOTTOM!
SWIFTLY, BATMAN REPAIRS THE FUSED WIRES AND TILTS THE TELESCOPE DOWN... AT THE CABLE CAR!
BOYS, THE ACORN EXCHANGE BANK IS DUE FOR A SURPRISE, EH? HAW! HAW!
MINUTES LATER...
GOLLY, THOSE ROPES WERE TIGHT! OLD STUFF NOW! ALL WE DO IS GET TO THAT BANK AND NAB THOSE CROOKS IN THE ACT!
AREN'T YOU FORGETTING YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH BANK?
THAT'S RIGHT! AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM IN GOTHAM CITY!
AND MIRACULOUSLY...
THE TELESCOPE'S STOPPED MOVING! THAT GADGET! HOW..??
IT WAS A TELESCOPE MIRROR ATTACHMENT, USED FOR LONG STUDY OF THE SKY!
THE SUN'S RAY STRUCK THAT MIRROR... WAS DEFLECTED ONTO THE WIRES THAT CONTROLLED THE TELESCOPE'S DRIVING CLOCK! ITS CONCENTRATED HEAT FUSED THE WIRES AND CAUSED A SHORT-CIRCUIT! GOOD THINKING, BATMAN!
IT'S THE ACORN EXCHANGE BANK! WE WON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES - PHONE GORDON TO GET THERE AHEAD OF THEM!
B-BUT...THE BANK? HOW DID YOU KNOW?
PART OF OUR SPECIAL TRAINING, PROFESSOR! BATMAN AND I CAN READ LIPS ALSO! OPTIK'S OWN TRICK HAS BOOMERANGED!
BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN...
RATS? YOU MEAN EELS! THEY SLIPPED THROUGH OUR NET! WE ONLY MANAGED TO BAG ONE!
WELL, GORDON, WHERE ARE THE RATS?
ACORN EXCHANGE BANK
QUIZ TIME... AND NO ANSWER TO THE $64 QUESTION!
OPTIK DIDN'T CACHE ANY LOOT IN THE OBSERVATORY! WHERE'S YOUR OTHER HIDEOUT?
HOLD IT, COMMISSIONER! HE WON'T TALK!

THEN, TO HOODLUM EGGHEAD COMES BLACKNESS! A BLINDFOLD! A BUZZ OF SECRET CONVERSATION... TWO LOUD VOICES...
THEN, COMMISSIONER GORDON, I MAY DO AS I WISH WITH THE PRISONER?
YES, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS! HE'S ALL YOURS! JUST GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
HANDS PUSH EGGHEAD INTO A CAR... AND THERE FOLLOWS A LONG MYSTERIOUS RIDE...
HEY, PROFESSOR! WHERE YA TAKIN' ME? WHAT'S DA IDEA?
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!
FINALLY... THE CAR STOPS... EGGHEAD IS PROPELLED INSIDE... STRAPPED INTO A CHAIR... AND THEN THE BLINDFOLD IS REMOVED!
HUH? WE MUST RODE FER HOURS! IT'S NIGHT! SAY, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT IS DIS?
WE ARE ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN... WE ARE IN MY ROCKET SHIP!
SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SKY SEEMS TO DROP SICKENINGLY... THE MOON LURCHES...
YOW! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
DON'T BE ALARMED! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN JUST A MOMENT! MY SPACE SHIP HAS JUST LEFT EARTH!
...JUST LEFT EARTH! YOU'RE CRAZY! IT AIN'T TRUE!
OH, IT'S TRUE! AT THIS RATE OF SPEED WE SHOULD REACH THE MOON WITHIN AN HOUR! SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH LARGER THE MOON IS NOW!
WE SHALL BE THE FIRST EARTHMEN TO LAND ON THE MOON! SEPARATED FROM MAN... ALL ALONE ON AN ALIEN, DEAD WORLD!
I WANNA GO HOME! WHY DID YA HAVE TO TAKE ME ALONG?
TO PUNISH YOU! I'VE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR BACK ON EARTH! YOUR HENCHMEN HAVE DISGRACED ME BY USING MY OBSERVATORY FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES! PERHAPS IF I COULD RECOVER THE LOOT... LOCATE OPTIK'S HIDEOUT...??
IT'S THE WAREHOUSE ON PERRY STREET! NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO EARTH!
9

THERE'S REALLY NO NEED, EGGHEAD! YOU NEVER LEFT IT!
BATMAN! LIGHTS! DA SKY DISAPPEARS! I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
NOT CRAZY, JUST CONFUSED! NOW I SUGGEST WE REMOVE MY "SPACE SH.P."
YES... NICE OF THE LOCAL MOVIE COMPANY TO LEND US THIS STUFF FROM THE R PROP DEPARTMENT!
NO MOUNTAIN... NOT EVEN ANY SKY... MAYBE I AIN'T EVEN HERE...
YES, AT THE LOCAL MUSEUM! THAT FANTASTIC PROJECTION MACHINE THREW THE PICTURES OF THE STARS AND MOON AGAINST THE BUILDING DOME! IT CAN ILLUSTRATE ANY OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES!
LUCKLY, I AM CONNECTED WITH THE MUSEUM SO WE DECIDED TO FRIGHTEN YOU INTO TALKING BY USING SCIENCE!
YOU'RE HERE, EGGHEAD... RIGHT IN THE PLANETARIUM!!
DE P-PLANET-ARIUM ?!?
AN' WE CAN STOP YOU ALL FROM TALK.N' BY USIN' GUNS.' Y'SEE, BATMAN, WE DECIDED TO COME BACK TO GET EGGHEAD AN' WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE YOU RIDIN' AWAY WID 'IM... SO WE FOLLOWED! NICE SHOW YA PUT ON!
EXIT!
THANKS, OPTIK! WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE SHOW WE'LL PUT ON NOW!
GET 'IM! HE PUT OUT THE LIGHTS!
I'M GOING TO DO MORE THAN JUST THAT!
AND UNWITTINGLY, BATMAN DOES! THE REELING THUG FALLS AGAINST THE PLANETARIUM'S CONTROL BOARD... AND JARS ITS DELICATE MECHANISM!
10

AND THEN THE PROJECTION MACHINE RUNS WILD!
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
MISSED, BLAST YA!
S'MATTER, BUD, GOT STARS IN YOUR EYES?
AGAINST THE WILDEST OF BACKDROPS, BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHT THE WEIRDEST OF BATTLES!
AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AND YOU!
PLANETS WHEEL ACROSS THE SKY! AND WITHOUT A TELESCOPE, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS OBSERVES...
NEW WORLDS ARE OPENING UP FOR ME! I'VE NEVER ENGAGED IN FISTICUFFS BEFORE!
WORLDS COLLIDE... AND DIE -- AS DEATH SUDDENLY LOOMS OVER BATMAN!
YOUR LUCKY STAR QUIT ON YA, BATMAN! THIS TIME YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
LOOK OUT! THAT METEOR IS GOING TO HIT US!
HUH?

YA TRICKED ME! THAT AIN'T NO REAL METE... UGH!
FROM NOW ON, OPTIK, YOU'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING UP AT THE STARS THROUGH PRISON BARS!
LATER... AFTER THE CASE IS OFFICIALLY CLOSED... ANOTHER IS REOPENED...
HONEST, BRUCE, I PROMISE I'LL QUIT MY JOB TODAY AFTER I DELIVER ONE MORE TELEGRAM! JUST ONE MORE PLEASE!
OKAY! JUST ONE MORE... AND THEN IT'S BACK TO HOME-WORK FOR YOU!
STILL LATER... AT HOME, BRUCE'S THOUGHTS ARE TROUBLED AND DARK...
COULD IT BE THE KID IS JEALOUS OF BATMAN AND TRYING TO WORK ON CASES ALONE?
RRING
A SINGING TELEGRAM FOR MR. BRUCE WAYNE! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR BRU-UCE... HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
THE FRONT DOOR, SIR! I'LL ANSWER IT!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BRUCE! THAT'S WHY I TOOK THIS JOB! I'D SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON WAR BONDS, SO I HAD TO EARN SOME TO GET YOU THIS GIFT!
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR... AND THIS GIFT!
A TELESCOPE!
I SAY... DID I DO ANYTHING WRONG??
AND I THOUGHT YOU... DICK, I'M SPEECH-LESS... YOU CRAZY, LOVABLE KID!
12

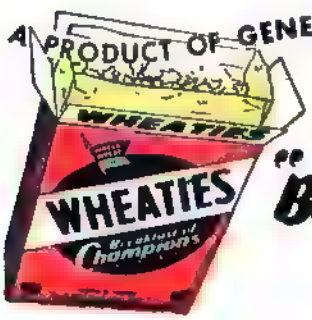

PRIVATE PETE
SHHH!
KEEP OFF!
HEP-HEP-HEP-TWO THREE-FOUR--ON TO GUARD DUTY I MUST GO!
NOW THAT I'M HERE I'LL JUST SLIP SOME OF THESE IN THIS AREA!
THERE-NOW I'M ALL SET!
WHAT A LIFE! ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE SMART THINKING AND YOU'RE ALL SET!
OKAY, MacARTHUR, YOU CAN GET UP NOW AND EXPLAIN THIS!
IT'S SIMPLE, SIR. NO ONE WOULD DARE WALK ACROSS THESE GROUNDS WITH ALL THE SIGNS AROUND!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
NEWLY SEEDED

"We're gonna play Nazi torture-chamber — we wave this box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any."

YES SIR! DEPRIVING A GOOD WHEATIES-EATER OF HIS FAVORITE CEREAL RANKS AS CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT. BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO MISS OUT ON YOUR "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES TO GO AROUND... PLENTY OF THIS GOOD, NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT PRODUCT TO HELP YOU MAKE EVERY MORNING'S BREAKFAST A REAL HUMDINGER. GET NEXT TO WHEATIES AND START GETTING MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 559 MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.



"Breakfast of Champions"

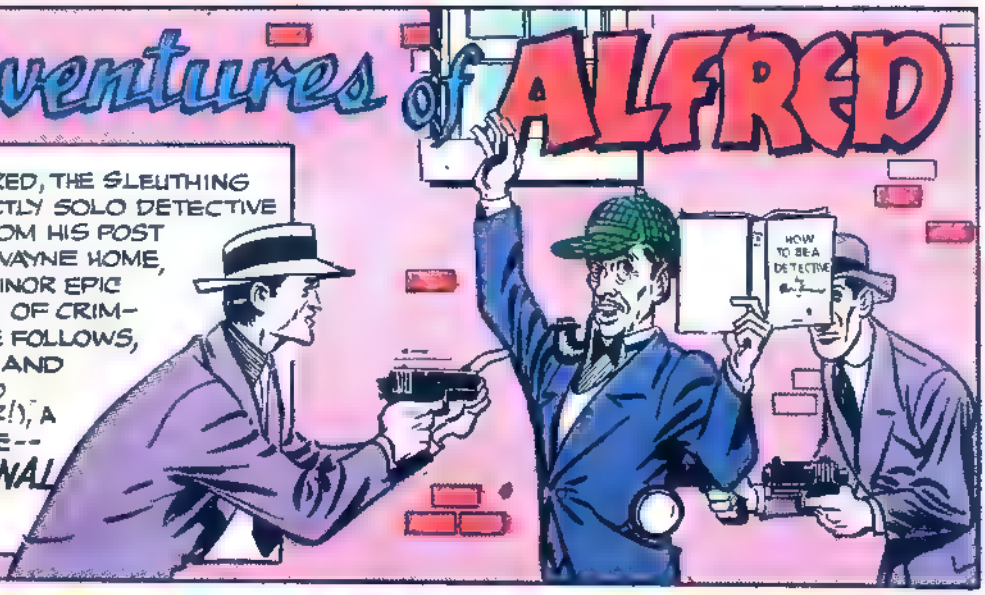
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

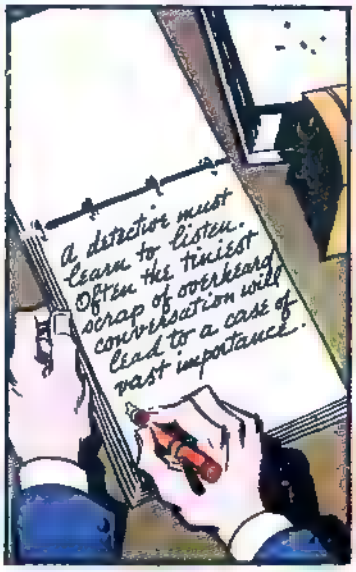
The Adventures of ALFRED

HERE COMES ALFRED, THE SLEUTHING BUTLER, IN A STRICTLY SOLO DETECTIVE ROLE! AWAY FROM HIS POST IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, HE WRITES A MINOR EPIC IN THE ANNALS OF CRIMINOLOGY AS HE FOLLOWS, BY THE TRIAL AND ERROR METHOD (MOSTLY ERROR!), A REMARKABLE--

"CONVERSATIONAL CLUE!"



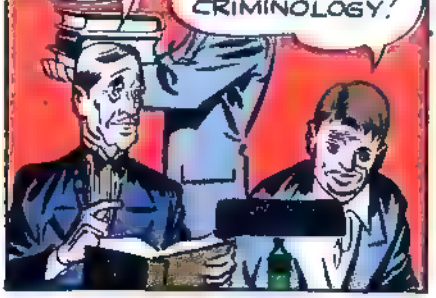
A SCHOLARLY MAN IS ALFRED, HERE SEEN MAKING COPIOUS NOTES IN THE CRIMINOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!


A detective must learn to listen. Often the tiniest scrap of overheard conversation will lead to a case of vast importance.

AND A FRIENDLY MAN IS ALFRED, ALWAYS READY TO CONVERSE WITH A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING STRANGER!

FAWSCINATIN' SUBJECT, CRIMINOLOGY, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?

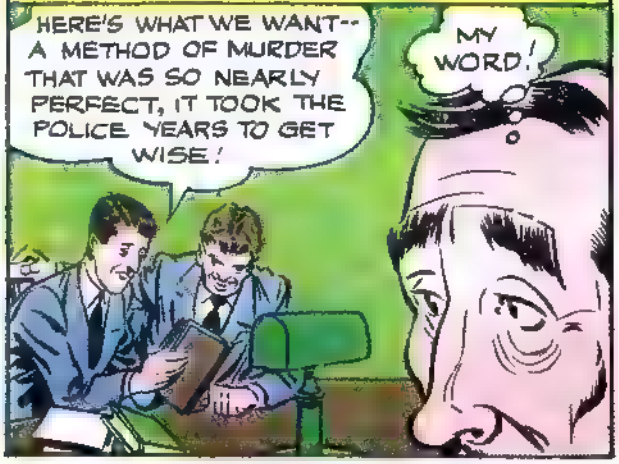
INDEED I DO! I HAVE STUDIED IT FOR YEARS! IN FACT, I AM A PRACTICING PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY!



SUDDENLY ALFRED'S ALERT EARS CATCH A TINY SCRAP OF EVEN MORE FASCINATING CONVERSATION FROM ACROSS THE TABLE.'

HERE'S WHAT WE WANT-- A METHOD OF MURDER THAT WAS SO NEARLY PERFECT, IT TOOK THE POLICE YEARS TO GET WISE!

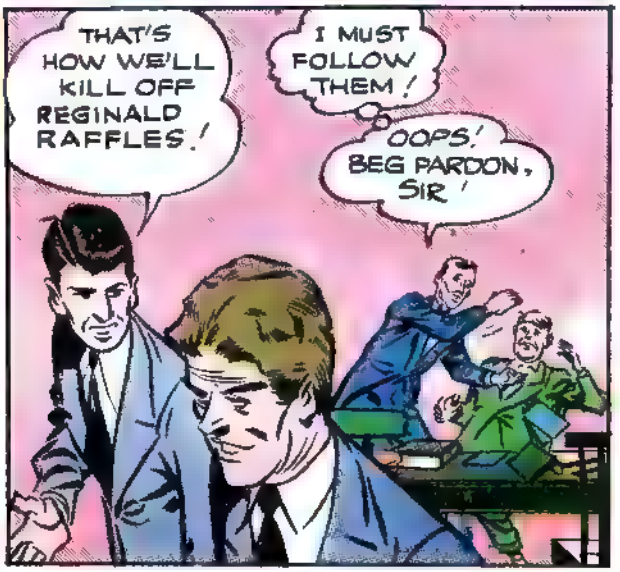
MY WORD!

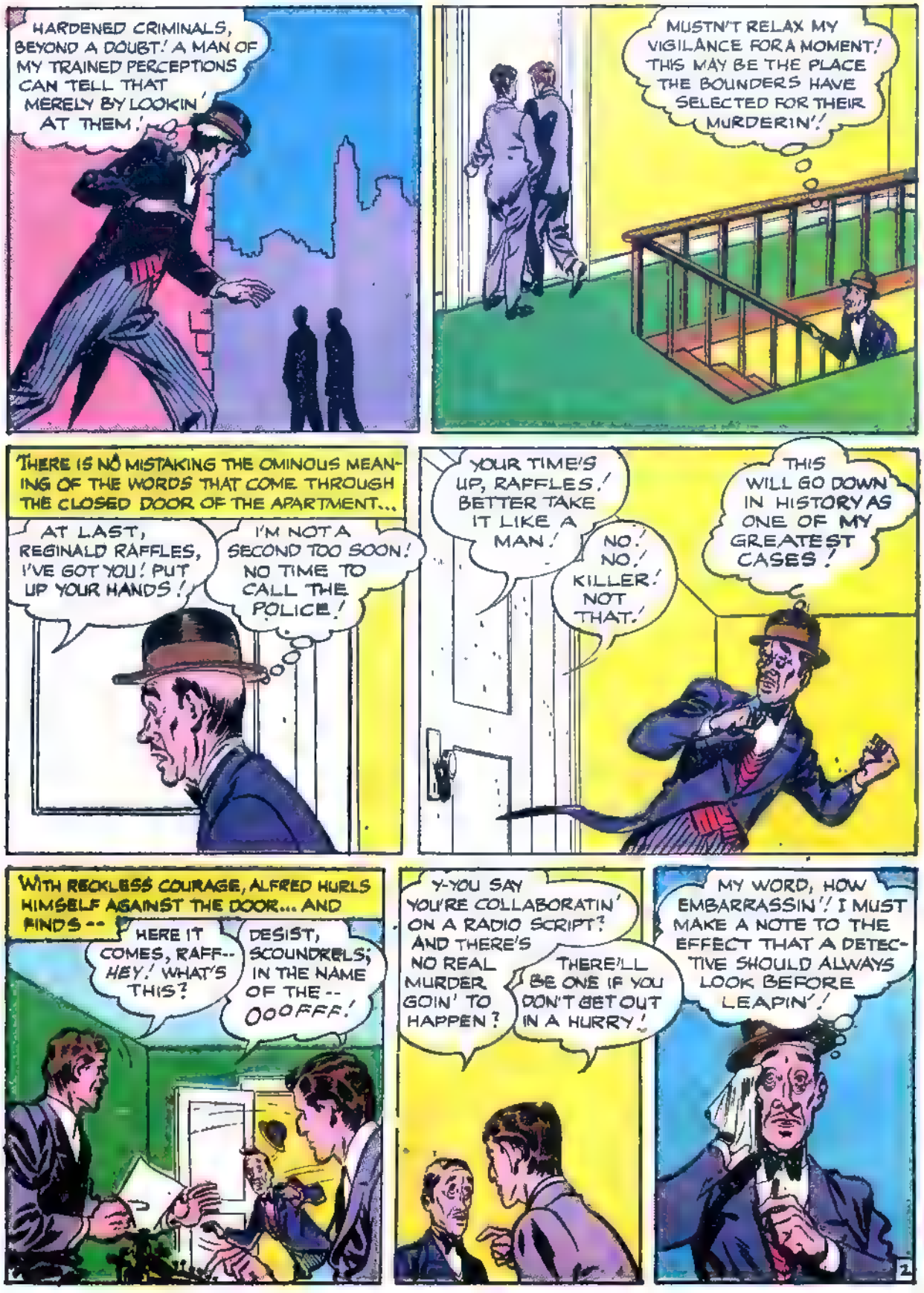


THAT'S HOW WE'LL KILL OFF REGINALD RAFFLES!

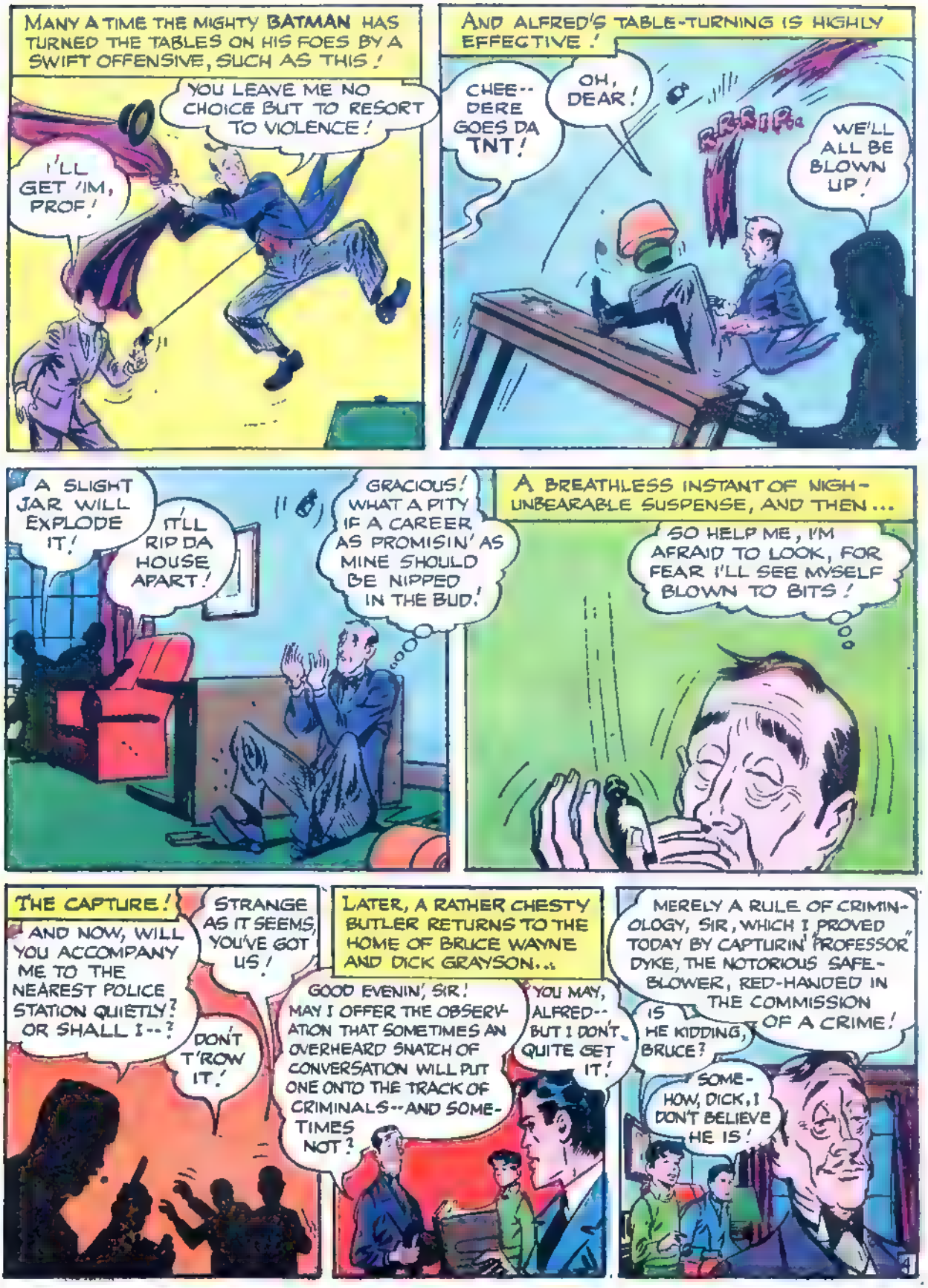
I MUST FOLLOW THEM!

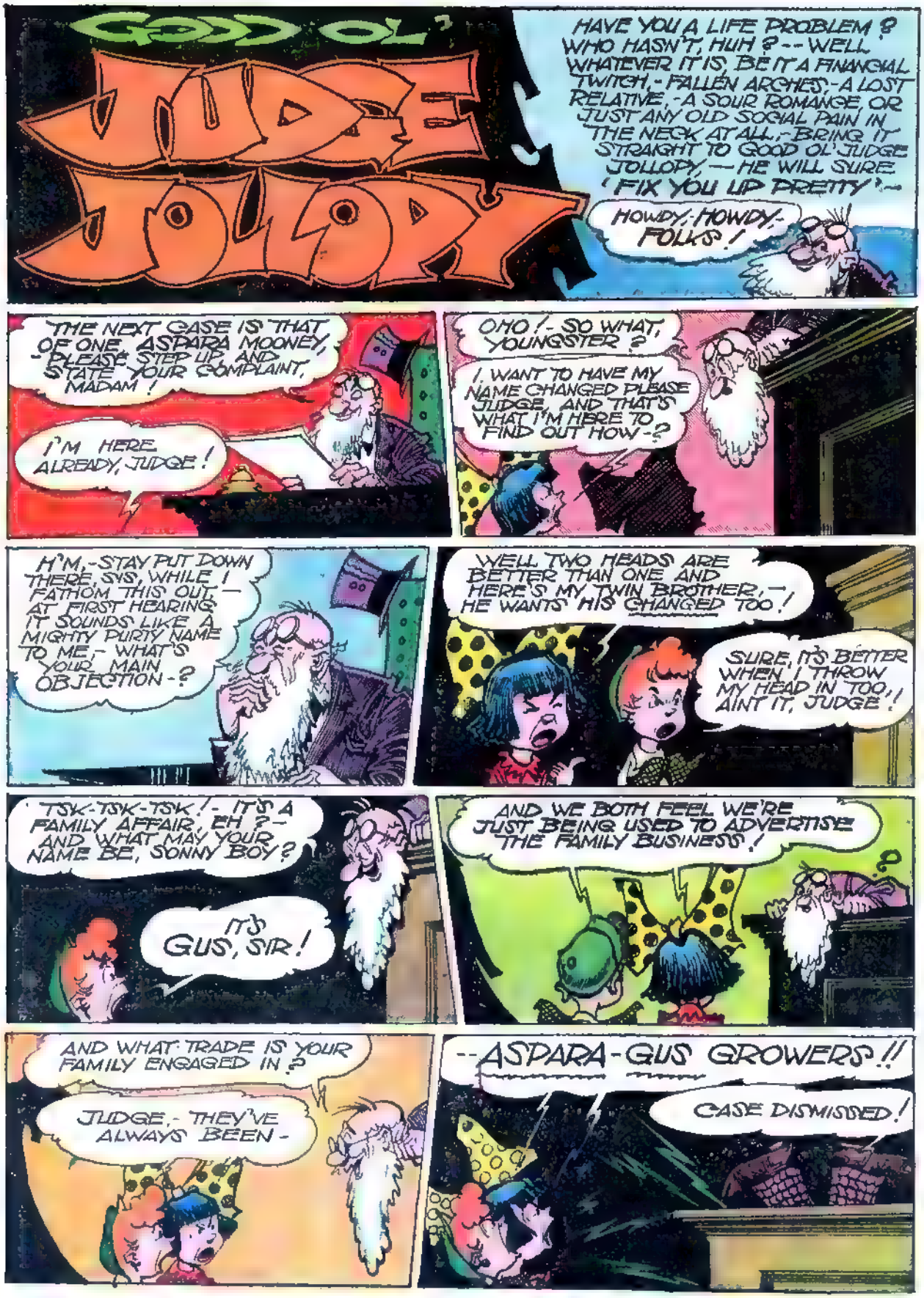
OOPS! BEG PARDON, SIR'




HARDENED CRIMINALS, BEYOND A DOUBT! A MAN OF MY TRAINED PERCEPTIONS CAN TELL THAT MERELY BY LOOKIN' AT THEM!
MUSTN'T RELAX MY VIGILANCE FOR A MOMENT! THIS MAY BE THE PLACE THE BOUNDERS HAVE SELECTED FOR THEIR MURDERIN'!
THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE OMINOUS MEANING OF THE WORDS THAT COME THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE APARTMENT...
AT LAST, REGINALD RAFFLES, I'VE GOT YOU! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
I'M NOT A SECOND TOO SOON! NO TIME TO CALL THE POLICE!
YOUR TIME'S UP, RAFFLES! BETTER TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!
NO! NO! KILLER! NOT THAT!
THIS WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS ONE OF MY GREATEST CASES!
WITH RECKLESS COURAGE, ALFRED HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR... AND FINDS --
HERE IT COMES, RAFF-- HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
DESIST, SCOUNDRELS; IN THE NAME OF THE -- OOOFFF!
Y-YOU SAY YOU'RE COLLABORATIN' ON A RADIO SCRIPT? AND THERE'S NO REAL MURDER GOIN' TO HAPPEN?
THERE'LL BE ONE IF YOU DON'T GET OUT IN A HURRY!
MY WORD, HOW EMBARRASSIN'! I MUST MAKE A NOTE TO THE EFFECT THAT A DETECTIVE SHOULD ALWAYS LOOK BEFORE LEAPIN'!

I SAY, THIS ISN'T MY NOTE-BOOK! IT'S FILLED WITH CODE WRITIN'!
I MUST HAVE TAKEN THE PROFESSOR'S BOOK BY MISTAKE--AND THIS ADDRESS MUST BE WHERE HE LIVES!
A RAWTHER IMPRESSIVE PLACE! I DO HOPE THE PROFESSOR WON'T BE ANNOYED WITH ME! I COULD TELL AT THE FIRST GLANCE THAT HE WAS A VERY DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN!
I AM SEEKING THE PROFESSOR! BEING A DETECTIVE, OF SORTS--
A DETECTIVE? WELL, WELL--COME RIGHT IN!
A PISTOL! SURELY MY GOOD MAN, THERE'S NO NEED OF THAT!
SHUT UP! HEY, PROF--I JUST CAUGHT A DETECTIVE!
BRING HIM IN, BUTCH, AND WE'LL GIVE HIM TEA!
THE "PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY" TURNS OUT TO BE, RATHER, A PRACTITIONER OF CRIMINAL ARTS AND SCIENCES!
IF IT ISN'T MY FUNNY FRIEND OF THE LIBRARY! I SUPPOSE YOU TRACED ME HERE BY MEANS OF THE NOTEBOOK IN WHICH I MAKE NOTES ABOUT THE PLACES I PLAN TO ROB!
A SAFEBLOWER! IT'S MY DUTY, SIR, TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES WITHOUT DELAY!
I THINK NOT, FRIEND! THE TEA I MENTIONED A MOMENT AGO IS TNT--AND WHEN I USE IT TO BLOW OFF THE DOOR OF THIS SAFE, I SHALL TIE YOU AGAINST IT TO DEADEN THE SOUND!
Y-YOU WOULDN'T REALLY DO A THING LIKE THAT?
AN' DAT AIN'T ALL IT'LL DEADEN!
ONLY FOR A SPLIT SECOND DOES ALFRED FALTER! THEN HIS COURAGE RETURNS AND HIS NIMBLE BRAIN SNAPS INTO ACTION...
WOULDN'T I? COME DOWN HERE AND LET ME SHOW YOU!
YOU HOID HIM! GET MOVIN'!
WHAT WOULD BATMAN DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS?...TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE NO DOUBT...THAT CURTAIN...
3


MANY A TIME THE MIGHTY BATMAN HAS TURNED THE TABLES ON HIS FOES BY A SWIFT OFFENSIVE, SUCH AS THIS!
YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE BUT TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE!
I'LL GET 'IM, PROF!
AND ALFRED'S TABLE-TURNING IS HIGHLY EFFECTIVE!
CHEE-- DERE GOES DA TNT!
OH, DEAR!
R-R-I-P-P
WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN UP!
A SLIGHT JAR WILL EXPLODE IT!
I'LL RIP DA HOUSE APART!
GRACIOUS! WHAT A PITY IF A CAREER AS PROMISIN' AS MINE SHOULD BE NIPPED IN THE BUD!
A BREATHLESS INSTANT OF NIGH- UNBEARABLE SUSPENSE, AND THEN...
SO HELP ME, I'M AFRAID TO LOOK, FOR FEAR I'LL SEE MYSELF BLOWN TO BITS!
THE CAPTURE!
AND NOW, WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION QUIETLY? OR SHALL I--?
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, YOU'VE GOT US!
DON'T T'ROW IT!
LATER, A RATHER CHESTY BUTLER RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...
GOOD EVENIN', SIR! MAY I OFFER THE OBSERV- ATION THAT SOMETIMES AN OVERHEARD SNATCH OF CONVERSATION WILL PUT ONE ONTO THE TRACK OF CRIMINALS--AND SOME- TIMES NOT?
YOU MAY, ALFRED-- BUT I DON'T QUITE GET IT!
MERELY A RULE OF CRIMIN- OLOGY, SIR, WHICH I PROVED TODAY BY CAPTURIN' "PROFESSOR" DYKE, THE NOTORIOUS SAFE- BLOWER, RED-HANDED IN THE COMMISSION OF A CRIME!
IS HE KIDDING, BRUCE?
SOME- HOW, DICK, I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS!


GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLOPY
HAVE YOU A LIFE PROBLEM? WHO HASN'T, HUH? -- WELL WHATEVER IT IS, BE IT A FINANCIAL TWITCH, - FALLEN ARCHES, - A LOST RELATIVE, - A SOUR ROMANCE, OR JUST ANY OLD SOCIAL PAIN IN THE NECK AT ALL, - BRING IT STRAIGHT TO GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLOPY, — HE WILL SURE 'FIX YOU UP PRETTY'! —
HOWDY, HOWDY, FOLKS!
THE NEXT CASE IS THAT OF ONE ASPARA MOONEY, - PLEASE STEP UP AND STATE YOUR COMPLAINT, MADAM!
I'M HERE ALREADY, JUDGE!
OHO! - SO WHAT, YOUNGSTER?
I WANT TO HAVE MY NAME CHANGED PLEASE JUDGE, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE TO FIND OUT HOW -?
H'M, - STAY PUT DOWN THERE, SYS, WHILE I FATHOM THIS OUT, — AT FIRST HEARING IT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY PURTY NAME TO ME, - WHAT'S YOUR MAIN OBJECTION -?
WELL TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE AND HERE'S MY TWIN BROTHER, —, HE WANTS HIS CHANGED TOO!
SURE, IT'S BETTER WHEN I THROW MY HEAD IN TOO, AIN'T IT, JUDGE!
TSK-TSK-TSK! - IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR, EH? - AND WHAT MAY YOUR NAME BE, SONNY BOY?
IT'S GUS, SIR!
AND WE BOTH FEEL WE'RE JUST BEING USED TO ADVERTISE THE FAMILY BUSINESS!
AND WHAT TRADE IS YOUR FAMILY ENGAGED IN?
JUDGE, - THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN -
--ASPARA-GUS GROWERS!!
CASE DISMISSED!

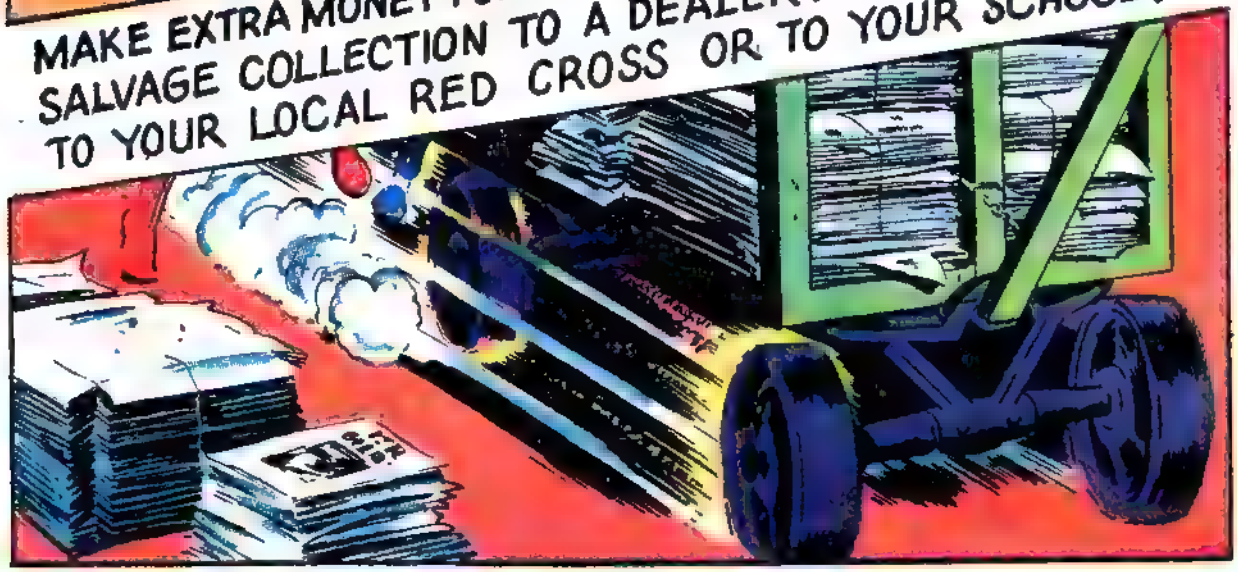
WASTE PAPER

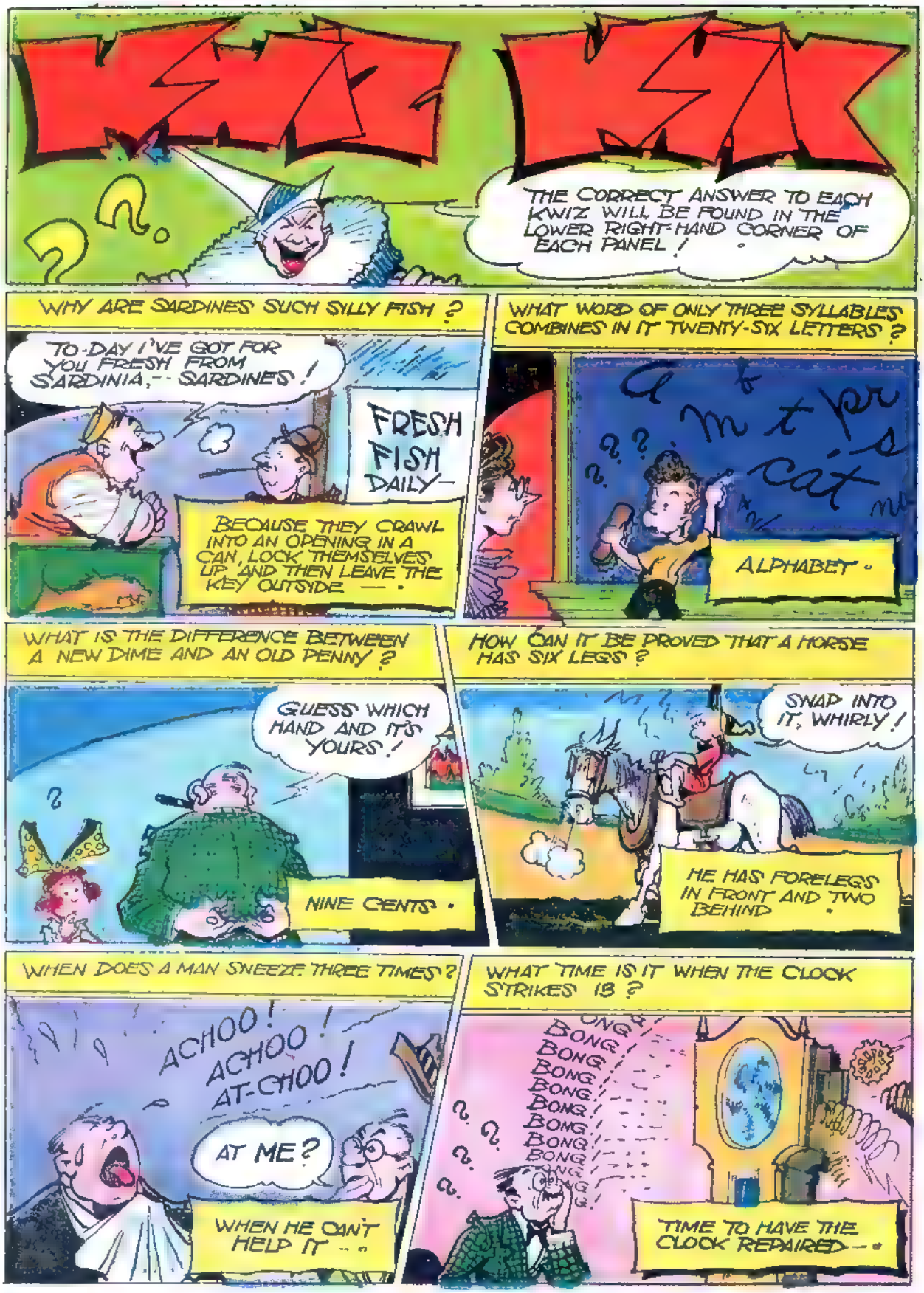
HAS BECOME A WEAPON OF WAR!

BECAUSE OF A PAPER SHORTAGE, WASTE PAPER IS BADLY NEEDED FOR SHELL CONTAINERS, SUPPLY PACKAGES, PARACHUTE FLARES, BOMB BANDS AND MANY OTHER MILITARY ESSENTIALS. DO *YOUR* BIT BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER OF ALL KINDS!

FIGHT PAPER WASTE- AND HANG ONE ON THE PAPER-HANGER OF BERLIN!

MAKE EXTRA MONEY FOR WAR BONDS BY SELLING YOUR PAPER SALVAGE COLLECTION TO A DEALER! OR TURN IT OVER TO YOUR LOCAL RED CROSS OR TO YOUR SCHOOL!




KWIZ
KWIZ
THE CORRECT ANSWER TO EACH KWIZ WILL BE FOUND IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF EACH PANEL !
WHY ARE SARDINES SUCH SILLY FISH ?
TO-DAY I'VE GOT FOR YOU FRESH FROM SARDINIA,-- SARDINES !
FRESH FISH DAILY
BECAUSE THEY CRAWL INTO AN OPENING IN A CAN, LOCK THEMSELVES UP AND THEN LEAVE THE KEY OUTSIDE --.
WHAT WORD OF ONLY THREE SYLLABLES COMBINES IN IT TWENTY-SIX LETTERS ?
ALPHABET .
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A NEW DIME AND AN OLD PENNY ?
GUESS WHICH HAND AND IT'S YOURS !
NINE CENTS .
HOW CAN IT BE PROVED THAT A HORSE HAS SIX LEGS ?
SNAP INTO IT, WHIRLY !
HE HAS FORELEGS IN FRONT AND TWO BEHIND .
WHEN DOES A MAN SNEEZE THREE TIMES ?
ACHOO ! ACHOO ! AT-CHOO !
AT ME ?
WHEN HE CAN'T HELP IT --
WHAT TIME IS IT WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES 13 ?
BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG ! BONG !
TIME TO HAVE THE CLOCK REPAIRED --.

DEDUCT A MURDER

by Walt Cochrane

THE Chief was pretty sarcastic about it.

"I don't know why it is, McGurn, but everytime you touch a case the trail, which was hot, suddenly blows cold." Mercilessly, he went on. "The only thing that keeps you from being back pounding a beat is your dumb Irish luck. You can wind up behind an eight-ball more than anybody I've ever known, and still manage to come through."

Detective Dan McGurn winced, and moved his ponderous hulk around in the chair. Eight-ball McGurn, the boys called him, and not behind his back either. He managed now to essay a slight smile, but it was a very feeble one.

"There is a lot to what you say, Chief," he agreed. "But you gotta remember I work on the process of deduction." McGurn's voice rose, a trifle proudly. "And I always get results, Chief."

Chief Walters snorted. His beefy face became even redder. "It's just dumb luck, McGurn, and you know it. Why, if I didn't know . . ."

"Yeah, I know," McGurn thought to himself. "You and I started on the force together. Now you're the Chief and I'm only a first class detective." Long ago, Eight-ball had resigned himself to this relationship. He really liked the Chief, and he knew Walters was fond of him. He didn't even resent the fact that they called his elimination ideas pure luck. Now he said:

"Chief, I got this Webb Mason murder narrowed down pretty well. I eliminated a lot of suspects already, and sooner or later I'm going to strike the trail. It may be a little while."

Chief Walters cut him short. "It's been two weeks now," he pointed out caustically, "and the newspapers are whittling us down. The Mayor's getting sore, too." His voice softened. "I suppose I'd better tell you this, Dan. You've got only forty-eight hours more on the case, before I hand it to some of the other boys. After all, Webb Mason was a pretty popular figure."

McGurn blinked, as if this were something unbelievable. To be taken off a case! Why, he was doing okay. They just didn't know. He looked again at Walters, but the latter just nodded: "Sorry, Dan, it's the Mayor's orders."

McGurn's smile was wan, as he rose. "Well, that's the breaks, Chief, I guess." Hopefully, he added, "Anyway, I got two days more. Maybe that's all I need." He shambled out of the office, muttering, "It still looks fishy."

All around, he thought now, it was a nutty case. As nutty as a fruit cake. Mrs. Mason, the dead star's wife had demanded an investigation, following the discovery of the body. It had looked like suicide at that, but Mrs. Mason had insisted her husband had been murdered. This despite the fact that the bullet had entered Mason's right temple. He was clutching the gun and only his prints were on it. "I know he wouldn't have killed himself," she had said vehemently. "He loved life too much. He had everything to live for, too. Money and position. I tell you he was murdered."

And because she was a socialite, with plenty of political backing behind her, the District Attorney had ordered an investigation. It looked like an investigation that was going right up a blind alley

McGurn ambled along the street, still grumbling. The Chief had been willing to list it as a suicide. But he, McGurn, had had one of those funny hunches that always led him into trouble. Like Mrs. Mason, he could figure no reason for Mason to want to kill himself.

But if he hadn't done it, who had? The trail was getting colder than a dead mackerel. McGurn had interviewed everyone around the theatre, including the old vaudeville actor, Tim Gerz, who was Mason's valet. Mason's will had provided amply for Tim, and the latter had been heart-broken over his old friend's death.

McGurn shrugged. There was nothing to do but ask some more questions. Everyone had seen Mason go alone into his dressing room that fateful opening night. Tim had stayed outside, getting clothes ready in the wings for a quick-change in the next scene. No one had seen any strangers around.

Baltic Street hove into McGurn's vision and he suddenly realized that Tim Gerz lived a few doors down the street.

He found Gerz in, packing.

"Going away?"

The little man shook his head. "No. I'm just getting some of Webb's stuff together for Mrs. Mason." He indicated a pile of cheaply-covered books. "Those are his old press clippings, stuff he'd saved since his burlesque days. And I've got his golf clubs here and things like that. Mind if I keep packing?"

"Go ahead," said McGurn. "We can talk." He leafed idly through the books. Mason certainly had played plenty of honky-tonks in his life. He looked at one of the pictures. "Hey, when was he arrested?"

"Arrested?" Gerz looked up. "Webb was never pinched that I know of. What do you mean?" He walked over, looked at the frayed yellow clipping, showing a policeman holding onto Mason and another man. "Part of this clipping's lost. That guy—he indicated the other man in the picture—was Lou Villers, a strictly no-good guy. He was Webb's partner. And then when Webb hit the big money, he sup-

ported Lou for a couple of years until he found out Villers was stealing his eye teeth. That's how I happened to get my job."

"Villers, eh?" McGurn looked at the picture with new respect. Villers had been quite a comic, once, before hitting the skids. "Where is he now?" He looked again at the picture, seeing something familiar, yet unfamiliar.

Gerz shrugged. "Who knows. He was plenty mad at Webb and threatened to make trouble. But you know that kind. He never showed back."

"Oh." McGurn sat back, his eyes thoughtful. "Here, let me help you with those." Gerz was struggling with a big box and at the same time trying to pick up a bag of golf clubs. Some of the clubs slipped out, clattered to the floor. McGurn bent his beefy form, then straightened up, the clubs in his hand. He liked golf himself, and now, almost absent-mindedly, he tested the heft of an iron. Then, he started. "Well, what do you think of that," he said softly.

Gerz was watching him with a strange look. "Something up?"

"It's nothing," said McGurn. "I was just thinking. These are Webb Mason's clubs?"

"Sure. He always played golf. It kept him fit."

"I'm going to borrow them. I'll see that Mrs. Mason gets them back."

"Okay. Incidentally, I'll be at her house if you want me."

McGurn went out, carrying the clubs. His pulse raced as he got into a cab. "The Public Library," he said.

He checked the clubs there, went into the newspaper room. When he emerged, his eyes were red and inflamed from the five hours of laborious reading. But there was a smile on his lips. Only Lou Villers alone knew as much about himself as Detective Dan McGurn.

The stage hands' union was still open and luckily, McGurn found the chairman, who had been handling the crew for Mason's last show. The guy's name was Andy Palarno. He was mystified by McGurn's visit, and still more surprised when McGurn told him what he wanted. "Sure," he said. "I can get that whole crew together, every one of them. Most of 'em are working, but they'll be through at eleven o'clock tonight."

"Fine," McGurn said. "Have 'em on the stage of the Globe then. I'll be waiting."

Palarno was as good as his word. By eleven thirty, eight mystified stage hands, augmented by electricians, chorus girls, and spot men, were standing on the stage, facing McGurn, Tim Gerz and Mrs. Mason. The babble of voices stopped as McGurn, still puffing from the herculean task he had performed, started to speak.

"A lot of you, I guess all of you, are wondering why I asked you here," he said. "I want you to know I appreciate everyone coming. Why, in two weeks a lot of you could have been out of the city. I guess it's just my dumb Irish luck you aren't already." He spoke slowly, laboriously. "Everyone believes that Webb Mason killed himself. That is, everybody but Mrs. Mason, and Mason's valet, Tim Gerz." He looked down at the bag of golf clubs on the floor.

"They are the only two who are right. Webb Mason was definitely murdered!"

Excited, hushed voices filled the stage. Mrs. Mason managed to stifle her scream. McGurn held up his hand, "But what makes this a funny case," he said, "is that the murderer is still right here. He didn't get scared after he killed Mason, nor did he figure on running away. As far as he was concerned, he had planned the perfect crime. You see, Mason must have recognized him to let him get close enough to talk, especially during an opening night."

A tense silence followed the words. Inexorably, McGurn continued, conscious that everyone of his audience was shifting uncomfortably. "The man who killed Mason—and it was a man, folks—knew everything about this show. He knew when the music cue outside, and the hammering backstage would be loud enough to drown out a gunshot. He knew the theatre, too, and with that knowledge was sure he could get away with Mason's murder."

McGurn cleared his throat. His eyes seemed to be on everyone. "So the killer slipped into the dressing room, and made his presence known to Mason. Surprised, Mason held his hand out, and, as he did so, the killer shot him, then arranged the suicide."

McGurn's hand stole casually to his pocket. "But who is the killer?" He smiled. "I would never have guessed it until I went to the Public Library today and checked the past of a man, a former actor. I learned he had gotten his start as a stage hand, before becoming a comedian. This man had sworn to kill Mason, and he never renounced that oath. The man's name was Lou Villers, but now he's known as——"

A chorus girl screamed. "Look out, he's got a gun!"

The heavy, swarthy man everybody knew as Tom Blane aimed at McGurn. The next moment, McGurn's shot had blasted the gun from the man's hand. McGurn walked over quickly, hooked a shining cuff onto the unshattered wrist. "It's all over, Villers." Sternly, he admonished, like a parent to an unruly child. "What good would shooting me have done, you fool?"

The D.A. had the full confession within an hour, signed. The Chief looked at McGurn, who seemed half-asleep in the easy chair. "Well, you did it again, Dan, but I still don't see how."

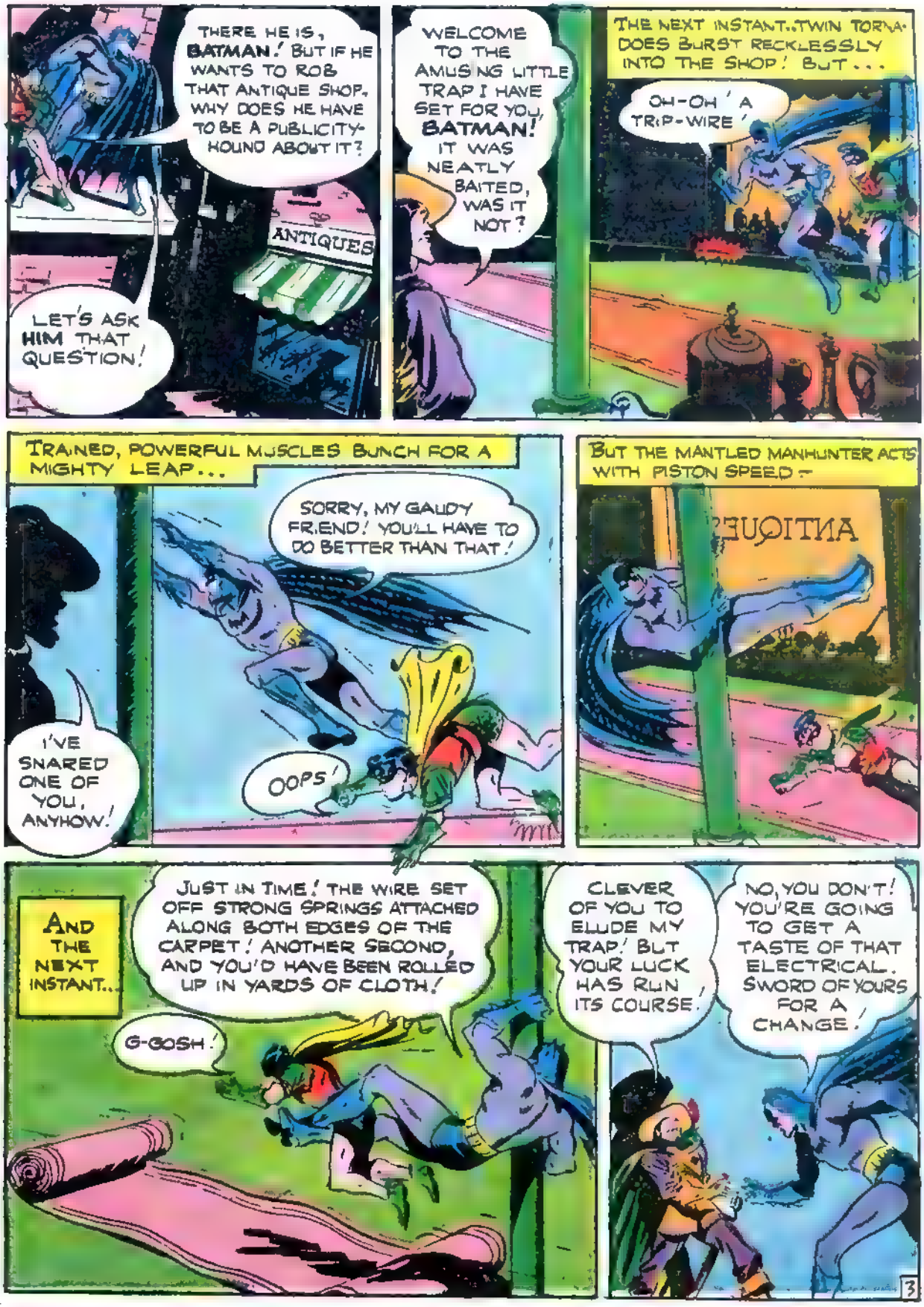
McGurn smiled sheepishly. "Elimination, Chief," he said. He pointed to the golf clubs for the first time. "Those are left handed clubs. They belonged to Mason. And Villers just didn't stop to think a left-handed guy doesn't shoot himself in the right temple—so it couldn't have been suicide. It *had* to be murder!"

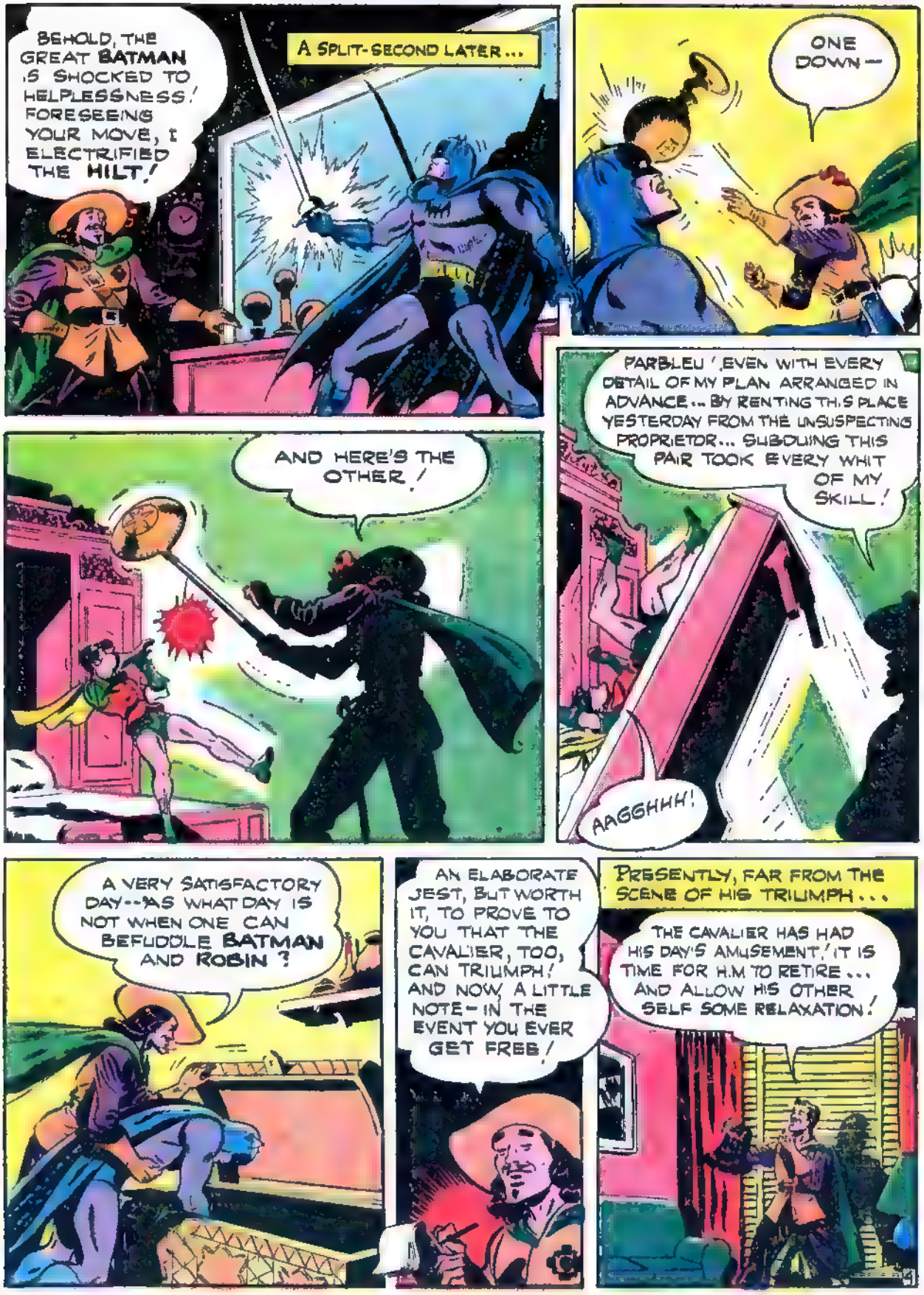
BATMAN WITH ROBIN

"YOU CAN'T DO MONKEY BUSINESS WITH BATMAN!"-- IS THE FIRST RULE OF THE UNDERWORLD! BUT THAT RULE--LIKE OTHERS IN THE CODE BOOK OF CRIMEDOM -- DOES NOT APPLY TO THAT DASHING KNAVE ERRANT... *THE CAVALIER!* HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING -- AND A DANGEROUS FOE -- HE DELIBERATELY UNDERTAKES TO OUTWIT THE BATTLING **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**... AND THE DYNAMIC DUO FACES ONE OF ITS MOST PERILOUS TESTS WHEN...

"The Cavalier Rides Again!"

IN A GLOOM-SHROUDED HOUSE, A SHADOWY FIGURE ENTERS A DARKENED ROOM...
THE CLICK OF A SWITCH, AND LIGHTS BLAZE UP TO REVEAL... THE CAVALIER, FLAMBOYANT SWORDSMAN OF CRIME!
FAMOUS TROPHIES
ZOUNDS, IT PAINS ME TO VIEW THIS SORRY SIGHT! HERE WAS TO BE MY CHAMBER OF PRIZES... THE CHOICE BEAUTY OF HUMAN CULTURE!
CLICK!
THIS EMPTY DISPLAY BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION! IT WAS TO HAVE CONTAINED INVALUABLE CURIOS OF THE HISTORY OF SPORTS!
SPORTS MINIATURES
BATMAN FOILED ME ON THIS COUP! BUT I SHALL EVEN THE SCORE! I'LL MAKE HIM APPEAR A VERITABLE BLEEROON! I SHALL HAVE MY TRIUMPH!
SPC
MINIAT
AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
WHA--? THE CAVALIER... OUT ON THE STREET IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! HEY!
GOOD! MY PRESENCE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WILL SOON BE REPORTED!
TWEEEEET
NEARBY, WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE FRANTIC WHISTLE, AND IN SIGHT OF THE STARTLING SCENE... ARE SOCIETY PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON!
GOLLY, BRUCE! LOOK-THE CAVALIER!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE HAS ON HIS MIND-- BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN ON HIS HANDS! C'MON, DICK!
MOMENTS LATER...
HA- THEY GOT TO THE SCENE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! WELL, I MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT THEM!


THERE HE IS, BATMAN! BUT IF HE WANTS TO ROB THAT ANTIQUE SHOP, WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE A PUBLICITY-HOUND ABOUT IT?
ANTIQUES
LET'S ASK HIM THAT QUESTION!
WELCOME TO THE AMUSING LITTLE TRAP I HAVE SET FOR YOU, BATMAN! IT WAS NEATLY BAITED, WAS IT NOT?
THE NEXT INSTANT..TWIN TORNA- DOES BURST RECKLESSLY INTO THE SHOP! BUT...
OH-OH! A TRIP-WIRE!
TRAINED, POWERFUL MUSCLES BUNCH FOR A MIGHTY LEAP...
SORRY, MY GAUDY FRIEND! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!
I'VE SNARED ONE OF YOU, ANYHOW!
OOPS!
BUT THE MANTLED MANHUNTER ACTS WITH PISTON SPEED—
AND THE NEXT INSTANT...
JUST IN TIME! THE WIRE SET OFF STRONG SPRINGS ATTACHED ALONG BOTH EDGES OF THE CARPET! ANOTHER SECOND, AND YOU'D HAVE BEEN ROLLED UP IN YARDS OF CLOTH!
G-GOSH!
CLEVER OF YOU TO ELUDE MY TRAP! BUT YOUR LUCK HAS RUN ITS COURSE!
NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE GOING TO GET A TASTE OF THAT ELECTRICAL SWORD OF YOURS FOR A CHANGE!
3

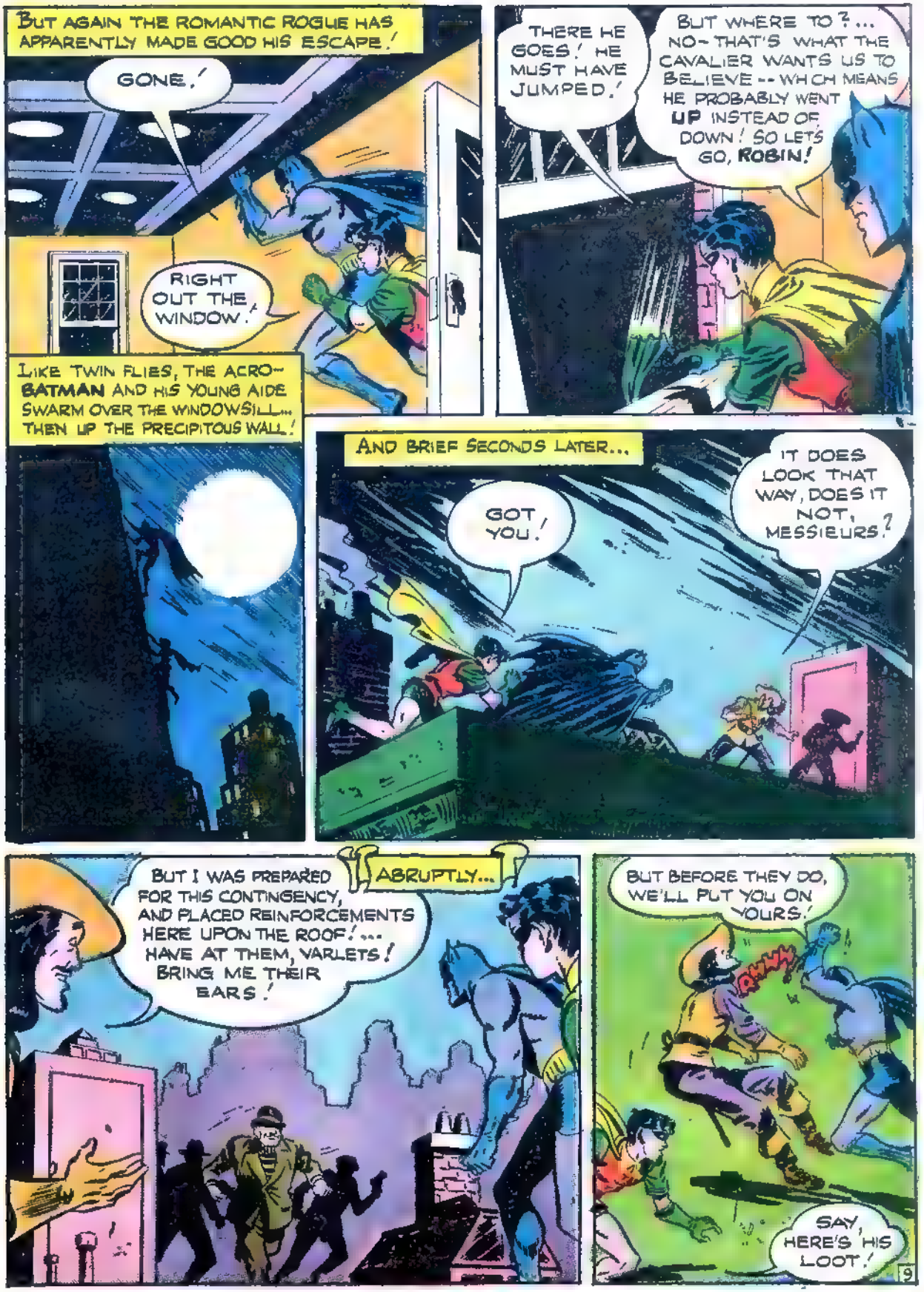

BEHOLD, THE GREAT BATMAN IS SHOCKED TO HELPLESSNESS! FORESEEING YOUR MOVE, I ELECTRIFIED THE HILT!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...
ONE DOWN—
PARBLEU! EVEN WITH EVERY DETAIL OF MY PLAN ARRANGED IN ADVANCE... BY RENTING THIS PLACE YESTERDAY FROM THE UNSUSPECTING PROPRIETOR... SUBDUING THIS PAIR TOOK EVERY WHIT OF MY SKILL!
AND HERE'S THE OTHER!
AAGGHHH!
A VERY SATISFACTORY DAY--AS WHAT DAY IS NOT WHEN ONE CAN BEFUDDLE BATMAN AND ROBIN?
AN ELABORATE JEST, BUT WORTH IT, TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THE CAVALIER, TOO, CAN TRIUMPH! AND NOW, A LITTLE NOTE- IN THE EVENT YOU EVER GET FREE!
PRESENTLY, FAR FROM THE SCENE OF HIS TRIUMPH...
THE CAVALIER HAS HAD HIS DAY'S AMUSEMENT, IT IS TIME FOR H.M TO RETIRE... AND ALLOW HIS OTHER SELF SOME RELAXATION!

SO MORTIMER DRAKE WILL GO TO HIS CLUB AND ENJOY THE ANNUAL DINNER TONIGHT!
MEANWHILE, A FLASHLIGHT FROM BATMAN'S UTILITY BELT REVEALS A GRIM SITUATION...
THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO SUFFOCATE... AND IT WON'T BE LONG IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE! BUT HOW?
NO USE! IT'S LOCKED TIGHTER THAN A CASK--HOLD ON! "R. HOUDIN!" THIS CHEST MUST HAVE BELONGED TO THE FAMOUS 19TH CENTURY FRENCH MAGICIAN THAT HOUDINI TOOK HIS NAME FROM! WHICH MEANS--
R. Houdin
--I CAN GET OUT OF HERE... UNLESS OLD HOUDIN USED THIS CHEST JUST FOR STORING CLOTHES, INSTEAD OF ESCAPES!... HE DIDN'T! IT WORKS!
THANK HEAVEN FOR MAGICIANS! NOW TO RELEASE THE OTHER HALF OF THIS TEAM!... ROBIN! WHERE ARE YOU?
M-M-M-F-F-F!
A MOMENT LATER...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
F-FINE! I HAD A NICE LONG REST--AND SO WILL THE CAVALIER WHEN I CATCH UP WITH HIM!
From Holland he comes With chisel and mallet- Only the best he creates Suits the Cavalier's palate!
HMM... HE LEFT A NOTE FOR US! THE EGOMANIAC!
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
5

HOME AGAIN, THEY PUZZLE OVER THE CRYPTIC NOTE...
WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THE CAVALIER MEANT-- A DUTCH SCULPTOR?
THAT'S ONE POSSIBILITY! BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANY GREAT ONE WHO'S IN THIS COUNTRY!
WELL, I HAVE TO GO TO THE CLUB'S ANNUAL DINNER, WHICH WILL GIVE ME TIME TO THINK! MEANWHILE YOU'D BETTER GO TO BED!
BED? AGAIN? I JUST GOT OUT OF ONE!
SOON, AT BRUCE'S EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY CLUB...
THERE'S THAT BRUCE WAYNE COMING IN OVER THERE! FINE CHAP... IF HE'D EVER DO A STITCH OF WORK!
YES! A SHAME, ISN'T IT?
AND LATER, BY A QUIRK OF FATE, TWO BITTER FOES CHAT PLEASANTLY-- UNAWARE OF EACH OTHER'S TRUE IDENTITY!
PRETTY DULL AFFAIR, EH, DRAKE?
MUCH TOO DULL, WAYNE! OH, WELL, I'M USED TO BEING BORED!
WORDS... MERE WORDS... SHREWD WORDS TO HIDE THE EXCITING TRUTH! FOR THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
DIAMOND CUTTERS
BY MY FAITH, MY HANDS ITCH WITH GREED! IF BATMAN AND ROBIN SEEK TO BALK ME, THEY WILL RUE THE DAY!
HERE'S HOPIN' THEY GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO, BOSS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?... UGH!
I COME TO ASSIST MYSELF TO VARIOUS ASSORTED VALUABLES... AND THE LEADEN PELLET AT THE END OF THIS KERCHIEF WILL LET YOU SLUMBER WHILE I DO!
SOON...
'SBLOOD! WHAT WONDROUS BEAUTY!
WE GOTTA WORK FAST, CAVALIER! LET'S HURRY UP!
6

HURRY? ONE MUST SELECT WITH GREAT CARE TO ACQUIRE THE FINEST SPECIMENS!
AH, VAN HOOGHEN AND AMBRUCK... SPLENDID EXAMPLES OF THEIR ART! BUT THIS MEERBRANDT IS THE MASTER-PIECE OF HIS LIFE! AND NOW IT IS MINE!...
SUDDENLY...
THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT THAT, CAVALIER!
CORBOEUF! YOU DECIPHERED MY SILLY BOAST! SOME DAY I SHALL LEARN TO CONTROL MY VAIN TONGUE!
ULP!
HOLLAND--DIAMOND CENTER OF THE WORLD... CHISEL AND MALLET--STONE-CUTTER'S TOOLS... ADDS UP TO JAN MEERBRANDT, WHO'S CUTTING THE MAGI DIAMOND RIGHT HERE IN GOTHAM! SO I LOOKED HERE... AND HERE YOU ARE!
PARBLEU! YOU WILL NOT BE HERE FOR LONG!
LONG ENOUGH TO HEAVE YOU INTO A JAIL CELL!
MEANTIME, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM...
CARE TO SPAR ONE ROUND WITH ME, RAT?.. OOPS!

SWIFTLY THE THUG SEIZES A NEARBY JEWELER'S DRILL--
I GOT MORE WAYS'N ONE TO SKIN A ROBIN!
WHIR-R-R-R!
BONG!
WHIRR!
EVER TRY CHISELING THE HIDE OFF A COYOTE?
GULP! THAT WAS CLOSE!
YOUR PARDON, MES AMIS! ONE NEEDS STIMULATION TO COMBAT FOES OF YOUR METTLE!...
NOW WE'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP AND THE JOB IS OVER!
...WITH ANOTHER OLDEN CUSTOM-- NAMELY, SNUFF--AS A MODERN WEAPON OF OFFENSE!
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, REMEMBER THE CAVALIER!
KER-CHOO!
AH-CHOO!
AH-AH-MMMFFF!. AFTER HIM! HE WENT INTO THAT ROOM!
HE WON'T--AH-AH--MMMFFF!-GET AWAY THIS TIME!


BUT AGAIN THE ROMANTIC ROGUE HAS APPARENTLY MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE!
GONE!
RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!
THERE HE GOES! HE MUST HAVE JUMPED!
BUT WHERE TO?... NO- THAT'S WHAT THE CAVALIER WANTS US TO BELIEVE -- WHICH MEANS HE PROBABLY WENT UP INSTEAD OF DOWN! SO LET'S GO, ROBIN!
LIKE TWIN FLIES, THE ACRO-BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE SWARM OVER THE WINDOWSILL... THEN UP THE PRECIPITOUS WALL!
AND BRIEF SECONDS LATER...
GOT YOU!
IT DOES LOOK THAT WAY, DOES IT NOT, MESSIEURS?
BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS CONTINGENCY, AND PLACED REINFORCEMENTS HERE UPON THE ROOF!... HAVE AT THEM, VARLETS! BRING ME THEIR EARS!
ABRUPTLY...
BUT BEFORE THEY DO, WE'LL PUT YOU ON YOURS!
AWW
SAY, HERE'S HIS LOOT!
9

YOU LOOK TIRED, MUGG. HAVE A SEAT.
YIPE! ON DIS THING?
LET'S CLEAN THEM UP IN A HURRY, ROBIN.
CHECK, BATMAN!
AND BATTLE-SCARRED MINUTES LATER...
WHERE'S -- ? THE CAVALIER RECOVERED AND SKIPPED OUT ON US.
SO I SEE! MAYBE HE'S DOWNSTAIRS, TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR THE LOOT YOU RECOVERED.
BUT A SWIFT SEARCH OF THE DIAMOND WORKSHOP REVEALS...
NOT A SIGN OF HIM.
WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE THE -- WELL, I'LL BE A CHIMPANZEE'S RELATIVE.
THIS ISN'T A DIAMOND, ROBIN. IT'S A MODEL OF ONE.
HUH? I DON'T GET IT.
MASTER STONE-CUTTERS MAKE MODELS OF IMPORTANT GEMS THEY'RE GOING TO CUT... MEERBRANDT IS ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD... AND THE CAVALIER'S IDEA OF LOOT WAS THE MODEL MEERBRANDT MADE OF THE MAGI STONE.
CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

PRESENTLY, AFTER THE LAW HAS TAKEN OVER...
THE POLICE NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED CALLING YOU, MR. MEERBRANDT! THE ONLY THING THAT WAS TAKEN WAS THE MODEL OF THE MAGI DIAMOND...AND WE GOT THAT BACK!
BODT VHY SHOULD ANYVUN VANT IT? IT ISS VORTHLESS TO EFFERY-BODY BODT ME!
POLI DEPART
YOU DON'T KNOW THE CAVALIER!
MEANWHILE, AT THE DRAKE RESIDENCE IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...
ONCE MORE I RETURN WITH EMPTY HANDS! 'TIS ENOUGH TO BREAK THE SPIRIT OF A STRONG MAN!
FAMOUS TROPHIES
THIS WAS TO BE THE PRIZE OF MY CHAMBER OF PRIZES... BUT AGAIN BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE FOILED ME!
MEERBRANDT MODEL OF MAGI DIAMOND
ZOUNDS! THEY ARE MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS! WHAT SKILL IN DEDUCTION...WHAT COORDINATION IN COMBAT... WHAT SAVOIR FAIRE IN ALL THAT THEY DO! BY MY FAITH, THEY ARE INDEED WORTHY FOES OF THE CAVALIER!
RRIP
I WOULD GIVE MY ENTIRE FORTUNE--AND IT IS NO SMALL SUM-- IF I COULD BUT KNOW WHO THEY ARE!
AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE WAYNE RESIDENCE...ALSO IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...
WELL, THE CAVALIER GOT AWAY AGAIN! BUT WE RUINED HIS QUEER ROBBERY FOR HIM, AND CAPTURED HIS GANG!
IT CERTAINLY WAS A STRUGGLE, THOUGH! HE'S A SHREWD CUSTOMER... AND HE'S NO EASY MARK TO TANGLE WITH IN A FIGHT!
YES, THE CAVALIER IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST--AND STRANGEST--CRIMINALS WE'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED! I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS...
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE TO FIND OUT, BATMAN! FOR THE GRANDEE OF GANGSTERDOM RETURNS WITH ANOTHER SLY AND SINISTER PLUNDER PLOT IN A FUTURE BATMAN MAGAZINE!

Now! You Can Tell The Weather up to 24 Hours in Advance

Dependable Beautiful Accurate

with the

Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

At Last! Everyone Can Own This Beautiful Hand-Painted, Reliable Accurate Swiss WINDMILL WEATHER FORECASTER!

Only 98¢

Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be extremely accurate from 120° to 20° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style BARRWOOD—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. It's hand-painted in three colors. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

10 POWER TELESCOPE

The Only One Of Its Kind In All America At This Low Price

Only $1.49

Here's America's biggest 10 POWER TELESCOPE value. Don't confuse it with small "weak-vision" telescopes. It's precision made and measures full 16 inches. Focuses instantly on stationary or moving objects. Brings far away objects 10 times closer. Clear—sharp—BIG as Life. You'd expect to pay up to $10.00 for such power. Everyone should own a powerful telescope. Spot airplanes—identify distant objects, people, animals, etc. Valuable to Air Wardens, Boy Scouts, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ideal for fights, ball games, races, outdoor events. Enjoy front row seats from way back.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just clip this ad and mail. Then pay postman only $1.49 plus few cents postage on arrival. Use the Telescope for 10 days without risk. If you aren't positively thrilled, return in 10 days and we'll refund your money in full. Supply is limited due to priorities. So rush your order today.

FREE! Valuable Airplane Chart Free if you order promptly

ILL. MDSE. MART
Dept. 85
500 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago 10, Illinois

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

NO RISK OFFER

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. 980-A, 500 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee.

Name .....

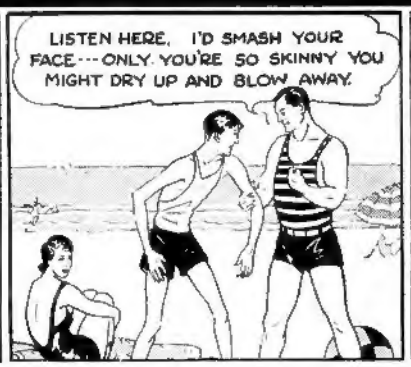
Address .....

Town ..... State .....

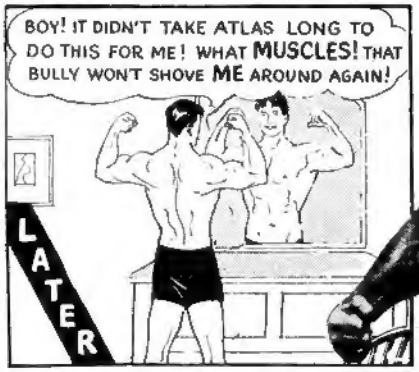
Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two Swiss Weather Forecasters, send remittance of only $1.79 with this coupon.

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! *"Dynamic Tension."* That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using *"Dynamic Tension"* only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health And Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE*. It tells all about *"Dynamic Tension,"* shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 326 D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326 D,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

CURTISS CANDY

Baby Ruth

5¢

RICH IN DEXTROSE

CURTISS CANDIES

IS DELICIOUS FOOD

candy makes delicious cookies . . .

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

IF HE'S IN AMERICA SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Food • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

team-dcp